HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. VIII.—No. 393.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1864. [$1,00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

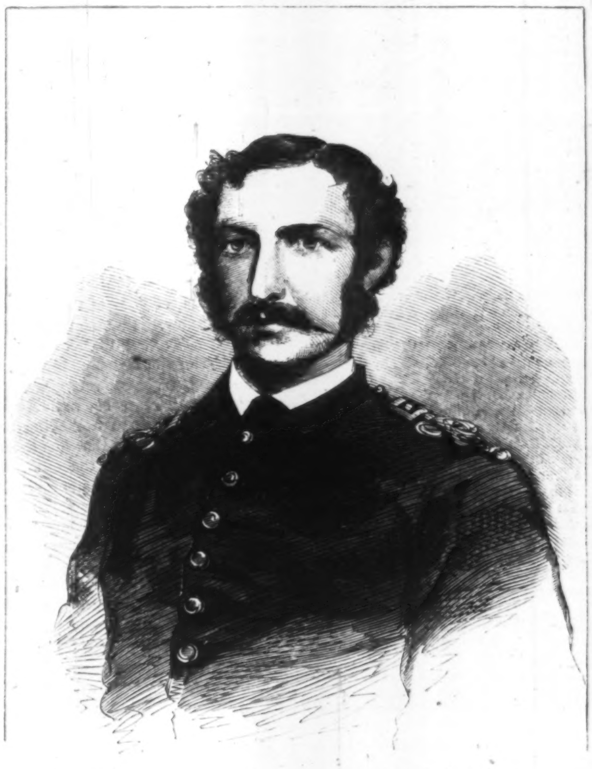
CAPTAIN J. HENRY SLEEPER.

Captain J. Henry Sleeper, who commands the Tenth Massachusetts Battery (and whose Portrait we here give, together with a sketch of the Battery), is a Bostonian by birth, the son of Hon. Jacob Sleeper, a well-known citizen, and one of the members of the Governor's Council with General Banks and Mr. Andrew. Captain Sleeper is twenty-three years of age, and has been in the army from the beginning of the war. He entered the service as First Lieutenant in the Fifth Massachusetts infantry, one of the first regiments to respond to the call for troops, and won praise from his superiors for coolness and bravery in the first battle of Bull Run. When his time was out he returned home, but almost immediately joined Captain Porter's First Massachusetts Light Battery as Lieutenant. With this battery he made the entire Peninsular Campaign, and was noticed every where for dashing bravery, skill as an artillerist, and coolness under fire.

When new batteries were to be raised, he was called by Governor Andrew, on the recommendation of the division and corps generals under whom he had served, to assume command of the Tenth Massachusetts Battery. This battery was largely recruited from among the hardy seamen of Marblehead, Lynn, and other small ports of the State; and sailors are famous as artillerists. He drilled his battery carefully and constantly, and when it came into active service it gained at once a reputation for activity and brilliancy of execution.

In the present campaign Sleeper's battery has served with the fighting division of the fighting corps of the Army of the Potomac, Birney's Division of Hancock's Corps. It was one of the very few batteries which would not be denied even in the Wilderness battles, but managed by sheer hard work and determination to take part in those terrible actions, when most of the artillery could not be brought to bear on account of the dense woods. By its conduct then and ever since, the battery has gained the sobriquet from the corps of "the saucy battery." The *Times* correspondent writes of it the following incident of the great fight at Cold Harbor:

> "About nightfall a desperate charge was made by the rebels upon our extreme left, where a number of batteries of the Second Corps were in position. In front of these guns, and below their level, was an open field. Rather more than half-way across this space ran our line of breast-works—at this point not more than one hundred yards from those held by the enemy. Every thing was perfectly quiet, mutual respect for each other's fire preventing unnecessary exposure. Suddenly a perfectly devilish volley of musketry was delivered from their works, accompanied by the dismal howling which, in Dixie, has superseded honest cheering, and out they came piling over the breast-works, and for a short time having things just as they wanted them. Their success was very short-lived, for in a moment Sleeper's Tenth Massachusetts Battery, Adams's Rhode Island Battery, Sixth Maine Battery, and others, were pouring canister into them in so effective a manner that they were forced to protect themselves in front of our breast-works, from which, later in the evening, they were expelled. They must have lost more than a thousand in this 'forlorn hope' of a charge."



CAPT. J. HENRY SLEEPER, COMMANDING THE TENTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY.

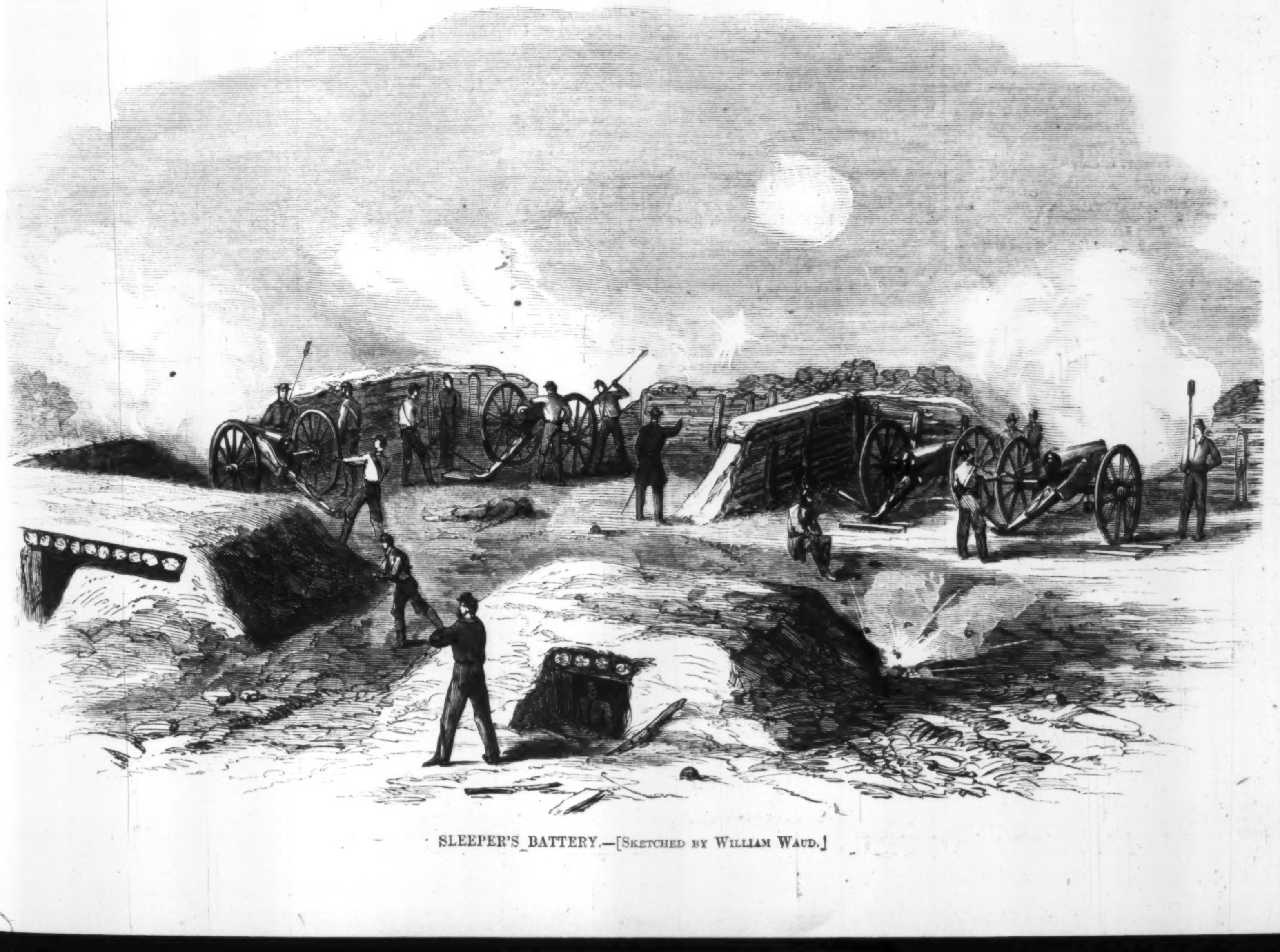
The New York *Evening Post*, copying this account, added:

> "The Tenth Massachusetts Battery, commanded by Captain J. Henry Sleeper, is one of the best in the service. It has been engaged seventeen times since our army crossed the Rapidan, and was one of a very few batteries which managed to get into the fight of Thursday and Friday at the Wilderness. It has come to be called the 'saucy battery' in Hancock's Corps, of which it is part. A private note from an officer of the battery, dated last Thursday, says: 'Our battery lies two hundred and fifty yards in advance of any other battery on this line, and this position it has held—with the enemy about one hundred and seventy yards in front—for five days, against two night, and three day assaults.'"

Captain Sleeper is but an example of what qualities the events of the war have developed in many of our young men of wealth. The only son of wealthy parents, before the war broke out he bade fair to lead a life of mere enjoyment. But when the sons of Massachusetts were called to arms, he at once devoted himself to the service of his country. He soon showed that he possessed the qualities needed in a commanding officer. His battery has been repeatedly mentioned in general orders, not only for its conduct under fire but also for its constant good order and efficiency.

GENERAL ALEXANDER HAYS.

General Alexander Hays, who was killed in one of the first battles of the present campaign in Virginia, was born in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, about the year 1823, and entered the United States Military Academy at West Point during the year 1840. He graduated on the 30th of June, 1844, standing No. 20 in his class. He was a class-mate with his corps commander, General Hancock, and also with General Pleasanton. On the 1st of July, 1844, he was appointed a brevet Second Lieutenant of the Fourth United States Infantry; and on the 18th of June, 1846, was fully commissioned a Second Lieutenant of the Eighth Infantry. He fought during the Mexican war, and was brevetted from May 9, 1846, First Lieutenant for gallantry, etc., at the battles of Resaca de la Palma and Palo Alto. On



SLEEPER'S BATTERY.—[Sketched by William Waud.]

the 12th of April, 1848, he resigned his connection with the United States Army, and became engaged as an iron manufacturer in Venango County, Pennsylvania; but in 1861 again entered the service, with a commission as Captain in the Sixteenth Infantry, and at a subsequent date was appointed Colonel of one of the Pennsylvania regiments. He fought bravely in all the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac, gradually advancing in rank, until September, 1862, when, for gallant conduct at Antietam, he was made a Brigadier-General. At the battle of Gettysburg he was in command of the Third Division of his corps, and after the wounding of General Hancock was temporarily in command of the corps. When the Army of the Potomac was reorganized for the present campaign, General Hays was placed in command of the Second Brigade, Birney's Third Division, Second Corps, under General Hancock.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 9, 1864.

THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

We print below the letter of the Committee of the National Union Convention informing Mr. Lincoln of his nomination, and the President's reply. His unanimous renomination by a great popular assembly after three years' administration of the Government is the most honorable and substantial approval of the general policy of that administration. The reply, therefore, is short, simple, and dignified. The President neither explains nor defends his policy. It has been open to the country, and the country is content. Having seen him faithful and wise in the past, and understanding the infinitely difficult circumstances of his position, loyal men do not fear to trust him in the future.

The single explanation which the President makes in his reply is in regard to the resolution of the Convention upon the French movements in Mexico. That resolution expressed in the strongest terms the popular jealousy of all foreign monarchical intervention upon this continent as menacing our peace and independence. The President replies that, while fully concurring in the resolution, he ought to prevent misunderstanding by adding that his executive action upon the subject will be unchanged "so long as the state of facts shall leave that position pertinent and applicable." In other words, he does not propose to go to war with France under present circumstances, nor idly threaten to go to war. His position is the true and dignified one for the Government of the United States.

The President pays a just and touching tribute to the soldiers and sailors whom neither he nor the country can too heartily honor. And like all that he says or writes, this letter will commend the President only more nearly to the heart of the people whom he serves so faithfully and well.

New York, *14th June*, 1864.

Hon. Abraham Lincoln:

Sir,—The National Union Convention, which assembled in Baltimore on the 7th of June, 1864, has instructed us to inform you that you were nominated with enthusiastic unanimity for the Presidency of the United States, for four years from the 4th of March next.

The resolutions of the Convention, which we have already had the honor of placing in your hands, are a full and clear statement of the principles which inspired its action, and which, as we believe, the great body of Union men in the country heartily approve. Whether those resolutions express the national gratitude to our soldiers and sailors; or the national scorn of compromise with rebels, and consequent dishonor; or the patriotic duty of union and success; whether they approve the Proclamation of Emancipation, the Constitutional amendment, the employment of former slaves as Union soldiers, or the solemn obligation of the Government promptly to redress the wrongs of every soldier of the Union of whatever color or race; whether they declare the inviolability of the pledged faith of the nation, or offer the national hospitality to the oppressed of every land, or urge the union by railroad of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans; whether they recommend public economy and vigorous taxation, or assert the fixed popular opposition to the establishment by armed force of foreign monarchies in the immediate neighborhood of the United States, or declare that those only are worthy of official trust who approve unreservedly the views and policy indicated in the resolutions,—they were equally hailed with the heartiness of profound conviction.

Believing with you, Sir, that this is the people's war for the maintenance of a Government which you have justly described as "of the people, by the people, for the people," we are very sure that you will be glad to know, not only from the resolutions themselves, but from the singular harmony and enthusiasm with which they were adopted, how warm is the popular welcome of every measure in the prosecution of the war, which is as vigorous, unmistakable, and unfaltering as the national purpose itself. No right, for instance, is so precious and sacred to the American heart as that of personal liberty. Its violation is regarded with just, instant, and universal jealousy. Yet in this hour of peril every faithful citizen concedes that, for the sake of national existence and the common welfare, individual liberty may, as the Constitution provides in case of rebellion, be sometimes summarily constrained, asking only with painful anxiety that in every instance, and to the least detail, that absolutely necessary power shall not be hastily or unwisely exercised.

We believe, Sir, that the honest will of the Union men of the country was never more truly represented than in this Convention. Their purpose we believe to be the overthrow of armed rebels in the field, and the security of permanent peace and union by liberty and justice under the Constitution. That these results are to be achieved amidst cruel perplexities they are fully aware. That they are to be reached only by cordial unanimity of counsel is undeniable. That good men may sometimes differ as to the means and the time they know. That in the conduct of all human affairs the highest duty is to determine, in the angry conflict of passion, how much good may be practically accomplished, is their sincere persuasion. They have watched your official course, therefore, with unflagging attention; and amidst the bitter taunts of eager friends and the fierce denunciation of enemies; now moving too fast for some, now too slowly for others, they have seen you throughout this tremendous contest patient, sagacious, faithful, just; leaning upon the heart of the great mass of the people, and satisfied to be moved by its mighty pulsations.

It is for this reason that, long before the Convention met, the popular instinct had plainly indicated you as its candidate: and the Convention, therefore, merely recorded the popular will. Your character and career prove your unswerving fidelity to the cardinal principles of American Liberty and of the American Constitution. In the name of that Liberty and Constitution, Sir, we earnestly request your acceptance of this nomination; reverently commending our beloved country, and you, its Chief Magistrate, with all its brave sons who, on sea and land, are faithfully defending the good old American cause of equal rights, to the blessing of Almighty God.

We are, Sir, respectfully,
Your friends and fellow-citizens,

William Dennison, Ohio, *Chairman.*
Josiah Drummond, Maine.
Thomas E. Sawyer, New Hampshire.
Bradley Barlow, Vermont.
A. H. Bullock, Massachusetts.
A. M. Gammell, Rhode Island.
C. S. Bushnell, Connecticut.
G. W. Curtis, New York.
W. A. Newell, New Jersey.
Henry Johnson, Pennsylvania.
N. B. Smithers, Delaware.
W. L. W. Seabrook, Maryland.
John F. Hume, Missouri.
G. W. Hite, Kentucky.
E. P. Tyffe, Ohio.
Cyrus M. Allen, Indiana.
W. Bushnell, Illinois.
L. P. Alexander, Michigan.
A. W. Randall, Wisconsin.
A. Oliver, Iowa.
Thomas Simpson, Minnesota.
John Bidwell, California.
Thomas H. Pearne, Oregon.
Leroy Kramer, West Virginia.
A. C. Wilder, Kansas.
M. M. Brien, Tennessee.
J. P. Greves, Nevada.
A. A. Atocha, Louisiana.
A. S. Paddock, Nebraska.
Valentine Dell, Arkansas.
John A. Nye, Colorado.
A. B. Sloanaker, Utah.

Executive Mansion, Washington, *June 27*, 1864.

Hon. William Dennison and others, a Committee of the National Union Convention:

Gentlemen,—Your letter of the 14th instant, formally notifying me that I have been nominated by the Convention you represent for the Presidency of the United States for four years from the fourth of March next, has been received. The nomination is gratefully accepted, as the Resolutions of the Convention—called the platform—are heartily approved.

While the resolution in regard to the supplanting of republican government upon the Western Continent is fully concurred in, there might be misunderstanding were I not to say that the position of the Government in relation to the action of France in Mexico as assumed through the State Department and indorsed by the Convention, among the measures and acts of the Executive, will be faithfully maintained so long as the state of facts shall leave that position pertinent and applicable.

I am especially gratified that the soldier and the seaman were not forgotten by the Convention, as they forever must and will be remembered by the grateful country for whose salvation they devote their lives.

Thanking you for the kind and complimentary terms in which you have communicated the nomination and other proceedings of the Convention, I subscribe myself,

Your obedient servant,
Abraham Lincoln.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The great Anniversary returns, and finds the sons of the revolutionary leaders defending the august and eternal principles of Liberty for which their fathers fought. The Union and Constitution have, in the course of human events, become identified with freedom for all men; and to maintain the Union is to secure the liberty of the people, and to overthrow a treacherous and factious aristocracy which made the salvation of their special privilege the pretext for destroying the common government.

It is not useless to refresh our remembrance of the exact principle of the Revolution, because it is still pleaded as an excuse for the rebels. Earl Russell, in his late speech in reply to Lord Clanricarde, after declaring that his lordship's confusion of mind upon the subject of aid to belligerents was almost inexcusable, fell instantly into a still more melancholy muddle. Earl Russell says:

> "Only a few years ago the Americans were in the habit, on the Fourth of July, of celebrating the promulgation of the Declaration of Independence, and some eminent friends of mine never failed to make eloquent and stirring orations on those occasions. I wish, while they kept up a useless ceremony—for the present generation of Englishmen are not responsible for the War of Independence—that they had inculcated upon their own minds that they should not go to war with 4,000,000, 5,000,000, or 6,000,000 of their fellow-countrymen who want to put the principles of 1776 into operation as regards themselves."

Now what were the principles of 1776? They were mainly these, that governments rightfully exist by the consent of the governed; and that when governmental oppression is intolerable, and legal redress is hopeless, a people may take up arms to obtain relief by force. British taxation without representation was an unquestionable blow at the root of all civil liberty in the colonies. They remonstrated, struggled, tried and exhausted every legal form and all hope of redress; and then armed, and fought, and separated. The argument was complete. The British Constitution provided no other remedy, and revolution was justifiable.

Now, if his Lordship will give ear, the plea of the rebels is not oppression—for until they rebelled they were themselves the Government. They have never pretended that they were injured by a single act of the Government of the United States against which they have risen. They have consequently never sought redress. But, stripped of all subterfuge, they saw that the great mass of the people were opposed to the further extension and strengthening of the system of human slavery upon this continent, and so—unwilling that the consent of the people should be the basis of the Government—declaring that each State was and always had been sovereign, and might secede when it pleased, they caused several States to declare their secession; thus asserting as a grave principle of political polity a pretense which could not be acknowledged for a moment in any individual agreement.

It was a rebellion, his Lordship will remember, against a Government which exists by the consent of the governed, and in which the voice of the majority signifies that consent. The rebels do not pretend that they are a majority of the people represented in that government, but only of a certain part of the people; as if a majority in Yorkshire should rise against the British empire and then plead the necessity of the consent of the people to the government. Who are the people under the Government against which this rebellion is directed? They are plainly a majority of all the citizens, not the majority of a sectional minority. There is indeed no more justification for the rebellion upon the right of the people to be governed by their own consent than there is for an insurrection in any street of London against the lawful municipal authority. The rebellion is the repudiation of the principle of popular consent as the rightful source of government.

The rebel leaders, with Mr. Calhoun their father, have indeed long asked, "what shall protect the minority from the tyranny of a majority?" The answer is, the general welfare. The whole American system proceeds upon the ground that an intelligent people knows what is best for its general interest much better than any single man, or body of men, or section of country can know. Its claim is not that it is absolutely perfect, but that, in view of human nature and of the lesson of history, the rule of an intelligent majority secures, upon the whole, greater justice to every individual and a higher average of common well-being than any other form of government that has been tried.

His Lordship, and the other skeptics of the popular principle at home and abroad, may assert that ours is not a purely Democratic Government or rule of the simple majority. They will remind us that ours is a mixed system, to which states as well as individuals are parties. But his Lordship will not forget that the people of this country, who are the primary source of political power, while conferring a portion of that power upon the States have committed the supreme sovereignty to the United States. The United States are not a league or a confederacy or a partnership, but a Union. The precedents of Greece and of the Middle Ages in Italy, of the Batavian republic, of the Hanseatic League, and of the German confederations, indeed, all precedents whatever of confederated States hitherto known are of no value in considering the American Union. Our fathers had seen the crumbling and shadowy and ineffective confederacies of ancient and modern times. They had the fatal experience of their own clumsy and powerless confederacy, and, warned by the inevitable perils of any League of States in which the States, as such, had any controlling veto, it rejected them all. The American Union blended separate States into a nation, with every national prerogative and power. By Union we mean nation. To be a Union man is to be a national man. To save the Union is to save the nation.

The plea of absolute and final State sovereignty, which is made the excuse of this rebellion, is a plea expressly invented for the purpose of justifying rebellion. It was a sophism intended to confuse the minds of an ignorant and prejudiced part of the population. States and nation, or union, are twin forms under which the people choose to exercise their power. Behind both are the people, and the same people. Evidently they do not mean that any portion of them shall assert a radical separation upon the ground of their action as a State. They assert, as they feel, their solidality. South Carolina is a room in the house which shall not and can not be erected into a separate dwelling.

With his Lordship's permission the inexcusable confusion of Lord Clanricarde's mind has extended to his own, and he could as legitimately excuse a London pickpocket for resisting the English law by the principles of '76 as justify a larger rebellion against the laws of another country upon the same ground. A fleet of pirates are as much murderous outlaws as one cut-throat. The means and method of subjugating them into obedience to the law must be proportioned to their numbers, their determination, and their resources. Consequently in our case the suppression of the rebellion has assumed the form and operations of war. But the armies of Grant and Sherman are still doing only the work of a national police. They are enforcing the laws. They are maintaining the will of the people. Among the hot hills of Georgia and in the blazing front of Petersburg they are asserting the original American doctrine, the principles of 1776, that governments exist by the consent of the governed, and that the natural rights of all the people shall not be destroyed by the furious passion of a few.

OUR LOSSES IN THE CAMPAIGN.

A favorite trick of the enemies of the Government is to whisper with mysterious shrugs and starts that our losses in Grant's campaign have been "awful," "murderous," "unprecedented." Indeed, if we should rely upon the truth of some of the absurd stories told by clumsy Copperheads, whose desire of our defeat is stronger than their arithmetic, General Grant would now have about 15,000 men left. Unfortunately, a correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from the Army of the Potomac on the 11th of May, in the wild excitement of the tremendous battles, said that our losses so far were 40,000; and this number was conspicuously printed among the headings of the army news in the *Tribune* of May 12. This report was instantly seized and magnified by rebel sympathy, and the apostles of "peace" immediately threw up their eyes and hands at such fratricidal slaughter. The story was sent by them to their friends abroad; and in his late hostile speech in the British House of Lords, Lord Clanricarde stated that in the opening of the contest 40,000 had been sacrificed. Such rumors are pernicious, and the more so that it is perfectly easy to circulate them with an air of defying contradiction.

Will those, therefore, who are so ready to hope or to fear that our loss has been disproportioned to such a campaign calmly reflect that on the 20th of May General Grant informed the War Department that his loss in killed and missing had been overstated, and that on the 23d of May Secretary Stanton announced that the army was fully as strong and more completely equipped than when the campaign opened; while on the 27th of June, after the reverse at the Weldon Railroad—one of the episodes that occur in every victorious campaign—Assistant Secretary Dana announces that the rebel force is not more than two-thirds of Grant's, that our losses during the previous week were unimportant in a military view, and that there are 51,000 rebel prisoners in our hands. There is official information that our loss in killed from the Rapidan to the James was not more than 4000, the casualties of every kind at the most 50,000, and the deaths of the wounded about 2000, or from four to five per cent. Of the wounded a large proportion are only temporarily disabled.

These facts should be borne in mind, as also the ease with which stories of disaster are magnified and distorted. That the great cause is maintained by a sad loss of life and wide bereavement and desolation is but too true. But it is no less true that the parricides who are striking at the common parent are themselves terribly shattered, and that the hand which holds them now is one they can not hope to shake off. God grant a speedy end to this necessary war in the triumph of the nation and Liberty over rebellious slavery! But by every drop of heroic blood shed for us we are consecrated to the accomplishment of the purpose which makes the war holy.

THE CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.

While Richmond is not taken there are those who declare General Grant's campaign a failure. That his object was and is to occupy that city and to destroy Lee's army is undoubtedly true; and equally so that he has not yet succeeded. If that is failure, his campaign has failed exactly as the rebellion has failed. That counted upon cotton, European support, and the demoralization, party-spirit, and division of the North, and intended to accomplish a revolution without a serious struggle. It has been utterly disappointed and baffled. For three years it has been wrestling with all its strength. Its spirit, its prospects, and its territory have alike diminished. Are any of the gentlemen who proclaim Grant's failure ready to acknowledge that of the rebellion? No; they are not. They inform us that the rebellion is virtually successful. The ground of the assertion is that it is still fighting. But if such reasoning proves that Lee has succeeded, how can it prove that Grant has failed? He has not taken Richmond, and the "Confederacy" is not acknowledged. The point is still disputed. Neither contestant has wholly succeeded; neither has entirely failed.

But viewed merely as a military movement how do the facts appear? Grant crossed the Rapidan, hoping to route Lee's army and advance upon Richmond. Lee fell upon Grant's flank, hoping to destroy him, and advance upon Washington. After two days' fierce fighting Grant forces Lee back, or Lee, unable to hold himself upon the Rapidan, retires to Spottsylvania, his second line. Grant tries Lee's position there and then flanks him. Lee falls back to his third line at the North Anna. Grant flanks him and Lee retires to his fourth line upon the Chickahominy. Grant tries that position, and then flanks him again, forcing Lee to meet him at Petersburg. Now did not Lee prefer to defeat Grant isolated upon the south bank of the Rapidan, fifty miles from Richmond rather than to meet him at Petersburg fifteen miles from Richmond close to his best base and with a fleet and Butler's intrenchments to support him? If Lee has had Grant just where he wanted him, was it in the Wilderness, or at Spottsylvania, or the North Anna, or the Chickahominy, that he wanted him? for the remark has been made of each successive position. That he has him at Petersburg just where he wanted him has not yet been asserted, for in the last movement of Grant, Lee was as utterly outgeneraled as Pope was by Stonewall Jackson in the summer campaign of 1862.

The generalship of Lee in this campaign consists in a timely but baffled attack upon Grant's advancing column at the Rapidan; and from that day, Friday, the 6th of May, a continual falling back to intrenchments in consequence of the swiftness and surprise of Grant's combinations. There was indeed nothing else for him to do, but to do it shows no remarkable generalship. If Lee had advanced instead of Grant, and had flanked Grant from Culpepper to Warrenton and from Warrenton to Manassas, and from Manassas, swinging round across the Potomac, were now threatening Washington from Bladensburg, we should hardly have considered that falling steadily back under such flankings was an illustrious proof of great generalship upon the part of Grant. But if, when Lee swung along Grant's flank and crossed the Potomac, Grant knew nothing of it, but prepared to meet him at Alexandria, the best possible thing for us to do when Lee turned up at Bladensburg would be to say that now Grant had him just where he wanted him.

This was precisely the case with Lee. When Grant disappeared from before his Chickahominy lines he did not know it. When the day broke and showed him that Grant was gone, he sent out his skirmishers for several miles. When he had made sure of the movement of Grant's entire army, he hastened to meet him upon the north bank of the James, and while he was forming his line there, General Grant, by one of the most daring and triumphant military movements in history, had crossed the James River, and lifting his army out of the deadly swamps of the Chickahominy, had planted it upon the pleasant, open country around Petersburg, resting directly upon the most accessible base, and flanked by the Union fleet. Manifestly the best thing for the rebels and their Northern friends to say, under the circumstances, is, that at last Lee has Grant just where he wants him.

Further developments of this most exciting campaign will doubtless rapidly appear. As yet it is simply undecided. To call it a failure at this point is as foolish as to call the rebellion a success. The campaign is a failure exactly as that against Vicksburg was until Vicksburg fell; exactly as every enterprise fails until it succeeds.

A SOUTH CAROLINA ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

A few weeks since we published part of the following ode, attributed by a correspondent in New Jersey to the late Hon. Thomas S. Grimke of South Carolina. It was not written by him, however, but by the late Rev. Samuel Gilman of Charleston. Originally written for the Fourth of July during the rage of nullification, we gladly reproduce it, after thirty-three years, for the Fourth of July during the civil war of secession. The friend who sends it to us remarks that this ode has kept one South Carolinian, at least, true to the Union.

UNION ODE.

COMPOSED FOR THE UNION PARTY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Sung July 4, 1831.

Air—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

Hail, our Country's natal morn,
Hail, our spreading kindred-born,
Hail, thou banner, not yet torn,
Waving o'er the free!

While this day in festal throng
Millions swell the Patriot song,
Shall not *we* thy notes prolong,
Hallowed Jubilee?

Who would sever Freedom's shrine?
Who would draw the hateful line?
Though by birth one spot be mine,
Dear is all the rest.

Dear to me the South's fair land;
Dear the Central mountain-land;
Dear New England's rocky strand;
Dear the prairied West.

By our altars, pure and free;
By our laws' deep-rooted tree;
By the Past's dread memory;
By our Washington;

By our common kindred tongue,
By our hopes—bright, buoyant, young;
By the tie of country strong,
We will still be one!

Fathers!—have ye bled in vain?
Ages!—must ye droop again?
Maker!—shall we rashly stain
Blessings sent by thee?

No! Receive our solemn vow,
While before thy throne we bow,
Ever to maintain, as now,
"Union, Liberty!"

NEW BOOKS.

Among the most important of the new books is the "Savage Africa" of Mr. W. Winwood Reade, republished by the Harpers. It is a most interesting addition to their library of books of discovery and adventure in Africa. Barth, Livingstone, Speke, Andersson, Burton, Du Chaillu, Wilson, with Cumming, Baldwin, and Reade, tell us all that is now known of Africa, and they are all included in the Harper's African series. Mr. Reade makes his bow in this manner: "If I have any merit, it is that of having been the first young man about town to make a *bona fide* tour in Western Africa: to travel in that agreeable and salubrious country with no special object and at his own expense; to *flaner* in the virgin forest; to flirt with pretty savages, and to smoke his cigar among cannibals." This preface he dates from "the Conservative Club;" and his African journey was evidently made in much the same spirit as the Norwegian and Far West journeys of other clever young Englishmen, whose *jeunesse dorée* is not satisfied with the round of London life, but feels in its blood an impulse of the old Vikings and explorers. Mr. Reade writes himself a fellow of the Geographical Society of London, and a correspondent of that of Paris, which may be considered his credentials as a traveler. His course was partly that of Du Chaillu, and was confined to the western coast. His book is extremely interesting, and his speculations, fortified by facts of observation, upon the origin, character, and capacity of the negro, for whom he has a very unnecessary and amusing contempt, are curious and sometimes new. Enterprising, quick, clear-sighted, he sees every thing that is to be seen if he does not think all that is to be thought. He holds, for instance, that a law making the slave-trade a crime is "brutal and absurd." But a clever dandy of the Conservative Club lounging through savage Africa must be allowed his little paradoxes. It is not as a thinker, or statesman, or poet that Mr. Reade is to be commended, but as a traveler and a *raconteur*. When he forgets the Club and his manly qualities come into play, he is one of the pleasantest companions of travel. His style is flowing and lucid. He is never a bore either with philosophy or pedantry, and his addition to our knowledge of Western Africa is really substantial and valuable.

"Cousin Phillis" (Harper & Brothers) is a delicate little love story, attributed by the London papers, without denial, to Miss Anna Thackeray, written with a simplicity of plot and purity of style not unworthy of her father's daughter. It is legibly printed, and is a charming book for the cars or for a morning by the sea.

"President Lincoln's Administration," by Henry J. Raymond (Derby & Miller), is an admirable summary of the official career of Mr. Lincoln. It contains his important letters and minor speeches, and is a most convenient political hand-book of the times. It is a striking vindication of the remarkable ability of the President, whom the friends of Jefferson Davis characterize as "a joker," with the same propriety that a cavalier would have contemptuously called Cromwell a man with a wart on his nose.

Under the title of "Pulpit Ministrations," the Harpers publish two stately volumes of sermons by Dr. Gardiner Spring, one of the most noted of modern New York clergymen. They are discourses upon Christian doctrine and duty which will commend themselves to the hearty sympathy of the large religious communion of which the Doctor is an illustrious ornament.

Mr. Parton's "Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin" (Mason Brothers), is an elaborate work; but the copious treatment is justified by the unparalleled charm of the subject, for the lives of few men are so constantly and variously interesting as Franklin's. Mr. Parton's delightful sympathy with his theme; his good sense and mother wit, his lively and picturesque style, and his conscientious habit of saturating his mind with all accessible information, have enabled him to write what must become the standard biography of the most American of men.

The Guide-Book of the Central Railroad of New Jersey (Harper & Brothers), is an illustrated hand-book of travel to the Delaware Water Gap, the Valley of Wyoming, and the picturesque coal region of New Jersey, one of the most delightful and interesting summer trips from the city. It may be accomplished in three days, or in a week, or in a longer time, at the will of the traveler. This little book shows him exactly where and how to go, and what to see. It is a trip which, if better known, would be much oftener taken.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM THE NAVY AGENT.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I have to ask that the public will form no opinion unfavorable, in regard to myself and my conduct of the Navy Agency at this port until, in the first place, I can find out what offenses I am accused of by the Government; and until, in the second place, the charges which may be made against me, as well as the charge made already by Mr. Savage, himself a prisoner in Fort Lafayette and charged with the commission of heinous crimes, can be submitted to judicial investigation.

In the mean time I deny most positively that I have in any way or manner wronged the Government or any private person; I assert in the most positive manner that I have discharged my duties as Navy Agent with the strictest honor, and with the utmost care and fidelity. And I entreat all men in this community to believe this until the contrary is proved. I have, I think, a right to ask this, as one who has spent years in this community as a business man, and who has in all those years maintained a character without stain or reproach.

I. Henderson.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

Senate.—*June* 22. The House bill authorizing negotiations with the Indian tribes of Oregon for relinquishment of certain privileges was passed.—The bill to prevent military interference in elections was passed, with an amendment allowing the presence of military in the vicinity of the polls to repel armed enemies of the United States or to preserve the peace.—The following bills were also passed: Authorizing continued transfers of men from the army to the navy; giving twenty-five thousand dollars as compensation to the officers and crew of the gun-boat *Essex* for destroying the rebel ram *Arkansas;* appropriating two hundred thousand dollars for the establishment of a navy yard and dépôt at Cairo; providing for the punishment of those who aid seamen to desert, and for the relief of officers and crews of vessels wrecked or lost in the service.—The House joint resolution releasing Captain Ericsson from part of his contract for building the iron-clads *Puritan* and *Dictator* was, after some debate, adopted without amendment.—Resolutions were also adopted calling on the President for the report of the Commissioner of Emigration and for papers relating to the exportation of arms.——*June* 23. The House Post Route bill and the bills remitting duties on goods imported for Sanitary Fairs and providing compensation to officers and soldiers for property sacrificed while in the discharge of their duties were passed.—The House joint resolution making provision to fill the deficiency in the appropriation for payment of soldiers in the Western departments was adopted.—The bill to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law (as passed in 1793 and reconstituted in 1850) was passed by a vote of 27 to 12. This bill having already passed the House thus becomes a law. Davis addressed the Senate at length in opposition to the measure, holding it to be contrary to a wise and well-understood provision of the Constitution. Saulsbury followed in an earnest appeal to the Senate to delay action upon this important question involving a change in the organic law of the country. The Senate, after the passage of this bill, proceeded to the consideration of the bill amendatory of the Enrollment act. The debate on it consumed the remainder of the day and the entire night session, lasting up to a late hour.—The amendment authorizing the enlistment of men for one year was adopted by 25 to 14. Mr. Wilson moved this amendment. He said that he wanted to fill our armies with true and brave men, and at the same time save manufactures and commerce. In filling our armies we should exercise our reason and not injure any interest of the country. Every thing taught him that our laws should bear as lightly as possible upon our people. He believed that in ninety days we could put five men into the field to one for three years. He hoped that after the vote in the Senate and the manifestation at the other end of the Capitol the Senate would not do what the country would consider a hard thing. Another amendment was then offered by Mr. Collamer, proposing that the price of commutation should be fixed at $500. This was rejected by a vote of 7 to 24. Nothing farther was accomplished and the Senate adjourned after midnight.——*June* 24. A bill was passed to increase telegraphic facilities between the Atlantic and Pacific States and Idaho.—A resolution was adopted inquiring of the President whether authority has been given by the Government to any persons to induce men to emigrate from Ireland or Canada for the purpose of entering our army or navy.——*June* 25. The bills providing for compensation to postmasters by salaries instead of commissions, and for the improvement of the Government insane hospital grounds, were passed.—The House $400,000,000 Loan bill was reported back from the Finance Committee and ordered to be printed.—The report of the Conference Committee appointed to adjust the disagreements of the two Houses on the Internal Revenue bill was submitted and adopted. As the report was also concurred in by the House of Representatives, the bill now only needs the President's signature to be a law.—As now finally fixed upon, the tax on whisky will be one dollar and a half per gallon after the 1st of July proximo till the 1st of February next, after which latter period it will be two dollars per gallon.—On incomes the tax is five per cent. on all over $600, and not exceeding $5000; on incomes from $5000 to $10,000, seven and a half per cent.; exceeding 10,000, ten per cent.——*June* 27. The House joint resolution providing for the publication of a full Army Register to contain a roster of all field, line, and staff officers of Volunteers, who have been in the army during the war, was agreed to.—The House substitute for the bill to establish a navy-yard and dépôt at Cairo, namely: to appoint a Commission to examine and report upon a proper site, was also agreed to.—The House $400,000,000 Loan bill was then taken up and passed with an amendment rendering the $75,000,000 loan now in the market subject to State and municipal taxation, and giving validity to the engraved signature of the Register of the Treasury on Government notes and bonds.—The Senate also passed a bill encouraging immigration.—The Judiciary Committee made a report on the case of the Arkansas Senators, to the effect that they are not entitled to seats, and that their State can not rightfully claim representation in Congress until its citizens shall be able to maintain their State government without the support of the army of the United States.—The House joint resolution continuing the fifty per cent. increase on imports was adopted.——*June* 28. The bill for the relief of the officers of Indian regiments, and that amendatory of the laws relating to the commercial intercourse between loyal and insurrectionary States, were passed.

House.—*June* 22. A resolution to close the session on Thursday the 30th inst. was adopted.—The chief business of the day related to the bill authorizing an additional loan of $400,000,000. The section of the bill exempting the bonds issued under it from State and municipal taxation was stricken out, after a long and spirited debate, by a vote of 61 to 44.——*June* 23. The $400,000,000 Loan bill, which occupied the greater part of the day's session, was finally passed. It authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow, from time to time, $400,000,000, for which he shall issue bonds redeemable in not less than five nor more than thirty years, or, if deemed more expedient, forty years, and to bear an interest of six per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually in coin.——*June* 24. Bills were passed for carrying into effect the treaty with Great Britain for the settlement of the title of the Hudson Bay and Puget Sound Agricultural Company, and to enable the New York Assay-office to make more prompt returns for deposits in bullion.—The Senate bill for a navy-yard and naval dépôt at Cairo was amended so as to provide for the appointment of a commission to report to the next session of Congress upon the most suitable location on Western waters for such a naval establishment.——*June* 25. The bill amendatory of the Enrollment act was taken up, and the speeches on it occupied the remainder of the day, but no vote was reached. Garfield and Schenck, of Ohio, advocated the repeal of the draft commutation. Mr. Fernando Wood made a speech denouncing the war and insisting that it should be immediately stopped. He became so offensive and violent in his remarks that he was hissed by members—a manifestation of disapprobation which is not remembered to have been ever before shown a Representative on the floor of the House.——*June* 27. The Senate's amendments to the Tariff bill were acted upon, and a large number of them adopted, the remainder being left for the adjustment of a conference committee.—The bill to carry into effect the treaty with Colombia was passed.—The Senate's amendments to the bill exempting from duties goods imported for the late Chicago Sanitary Fair were concurred in.—The bill amendatory of the Enrollment act was again the subject of a prolonged debate, the main point of discussion being, as on previous days, the proposition to repeal the $300 draft commutation, which, on being put to a vote, was again defeated, but this time by only two majority.——*June* 28. The Senate's amendment to the Loan bill, to make the seventy-five millions of bonds recently advertised subject to State and municipal tax, was agreed to. The House then reconsidered the vote of the previous night, by which Smithers's substitute for the bill to regulate and provide for the enrolling and calling out of the national forces was rejected. The substitute was passed: it provides that no payment of money shall release a drafted man from military service; and also provides that every volunteer or substitute that may be accepted for one year shall be paid a bounty of $200, for two years $300, and for three years $400, to be paid at stated intervals; and that in case of the death of the volunteer or substitute, the money shall be paid to his wife, children, or legal representatives. The Senate bill for the better organization of the Quarter-master's Department was then passed as amended; also the bill facilitating Admiralty cases in New York.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

The situation at Petersburg remained essentially unaltered after the assaults made on Saturday, June 18, until the succeeding Wednesday, when Grant commenced an important movement on his left, for the purpose of more closely investing the city, by seizing the Weldon Railroad. Petersburg communicates with the South by means of three railroads—the Petersburg and Suffolk, the Petersburg and Weldon, and the Petersburg and Lynchburg. Now the line which Grant's army held on Tuesday, the 21st, stretched across the Appomattox; Butler's two corps north of that river, facing Petersburg on the east, and the four corps of the Army of the Potomac on the south, fronting Petersburg in that direction. But this line crossed only one of the three railroads above-mentioned, viz., the Petersburg and Suffolk.

It was now certain that Grant must do one of three things: he must recross his army to the north side of the Appomattox, and endeavor to obtain a position between the Confederate army and Richmond; or, on the other hand, move to the left, striking at the Weldon Road; or remain where he was, and attempt to take Petersburg by assault. In the first and third case he must meet and overcome great obstacles, having to carry intrenched positions. It was so plainly his policy to move against the Weldon Road that General Lee acted on this supposition. Thus it happened that on Wednesday, the 22d, when the Second and Sixth corps left the right—their places being taken by the Eighteenth—and moved to a position near the Weldon Road, they met a rebel corps under General Hill. It was expected that the Sixth Corps would have communicated with the left of the Second (Barlow's Division), but before this had been effected the enemy had pierced the centre. This movement, so rapid and unlooked for, led Barlow to fall back, which left the Third Division (Birney's) open to a flank attack. The enemy got possession of Birney's rifle-pits and summoned the men to surrender, but the suggestion of Libey Prison not proving an inviting one, only about two thousand were captured, the others fighting their way to the rear. M'Knight's battery of four guns was also captured by the enemy. The Division was soon re-formed and awaited the repetition of Hill's attack, which was this time repulsed; and the Sixth Corps coming up on the left of the Second, joined in an attack on the enemy, in which the position and many of the prisoners which had been lost were retaken. This advance of our forces on the left placed the Weldon Road within range of our artillery, rendering it useless to the Confederates. Simultaneously with this movement Wilson's division of cavalry struck the railroad by a circuitous route, and tore up the rails for some distance. Our advance to the left was met by a corresponding advance of Lee's army in the same direction, Beauregard being left to defend Petersburg. At last accounts our guns were firing into the bridge at Petersburg.

On Friday, the 24th, there was some heavy artillery fighting, in which the Fifth and Ninth corps were principally engaged. Baldy Smith opened fire on Petersburg in the morning, sustaining the attack for an hour. This was occasioned by the enemy's firing from the heights upon the Eighteenth Corps on our right. After the firing ceased the rebels made a charge against Smith's lines, which was repulsed with great loss to the enemy. The prisoners taken by our forces were many of them boys under eighteen years of age, who had nevertheless been three years in the service. Since Wednesday the 22d there has been no severe fighting.

Sheridan, who has been operating successfully on the roads north of Richmond, reached Wilcox's Landing, where his rear was attacked on Saturday, June 25, and some of his men captured, but by the assistance of the gun-boats he effected the crossing of the James with his entire train. General Wilson, after his raid on the Weldon road, pushed on to Burkesville, where he was last heard from, at the junction of the two railroad lines leading westward from Richmond and Petersburg. Crook and Averill, together with Hunter, are still operating in the mean time upon the communications on the west and northwest of the Confederate capital. There is therefore no important railroad communication of Richmond which is not disturbed, if not destroyed, by the Federal cavalry. This fact will doubtless soon have an important bearing on the campaign, inasmuch as an army harassed in this manner must sooner or later be compelled to seek a more favorable position, or else to fight at a remarkable disadvantage. It should be added that Palmer, in a late expedition into the centre of North Carolina, cut the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad near Goldsboro.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

General Sherman's army is still confronted by the Kenesaw Mountain. The rainy weather and endangered communications have proved very annoying impediments. Sherman's communications are guarded by General Rousseau's command. It was expected that after Sturgis's defeat Forrest would strike at the railroads between Nashville and Chattanooga. Between Rousseau and Smith it is probable that the attempts of the enemy in this direction will be baffled. General Rousseau has made every preparation to receive the rebels, and has placed his defenses along the railroads and in the towns of importance, in the very best conditions. The numerical force of the garrison has been increased as far as possible, and more cavalry has been asked for.

Our lines have been pressed steadily forward, and on the 19th an important position was gained by General Howard. In attempting to retake this position the enemy lost seven or eight hundred men. The rebel line was strongly fortified, and on our left was protected by a swamp. On Monday, June 27, Sherman attacked the enemy's position at Kenesaw Mountain, at the southwest end, at 8 A.M. While M'Pherson was engaged at this point Thomas attacked at a point a mile farther to the south; but the assault in both cases proved unsuccessful. M'Pherson's loss was about 500, and Thomas's 2000. General Harker and Colonel Dan M'Cook are reported mortally wounded, and Colonel Rice very seriously. Two hundred rebels were captured.

On the morning of the 18th the rebel General Wharton, with a force of 2500 men, crossed the railroad between Kingston and Dalton, capturing and burning five freight trains loaded with supplies. Two days afterward Captain Glover captured two freight trains near Resaca.

Desertions from the rebel army are quite frequent. On the 24th a camp of conscripts, about six miles from Marietta, numbering 800 men, broke for our lines. Six hundred of them got in; the rest were recaptured.

THE SOUTHWEST.

On the 22d Magruder attacked two companies of the Twelfth Iowa at the mouth of the White River; by the assistance of the gun-boat *Lexington* the attack was repulsed.

General Marmaduke was reported moving against Little Rock, Arkansas.

On the 25th General Pillow, surrounding Lafayette with a force of 3000 men, sent a flag of truce to Colonel Watkins who was, with 400 men, defending the town, demanding a surrender. The demand was refused, and the rebels making an assault were repulsed. Lafayette is in Georgia, 20 miles south of Chattanooga.

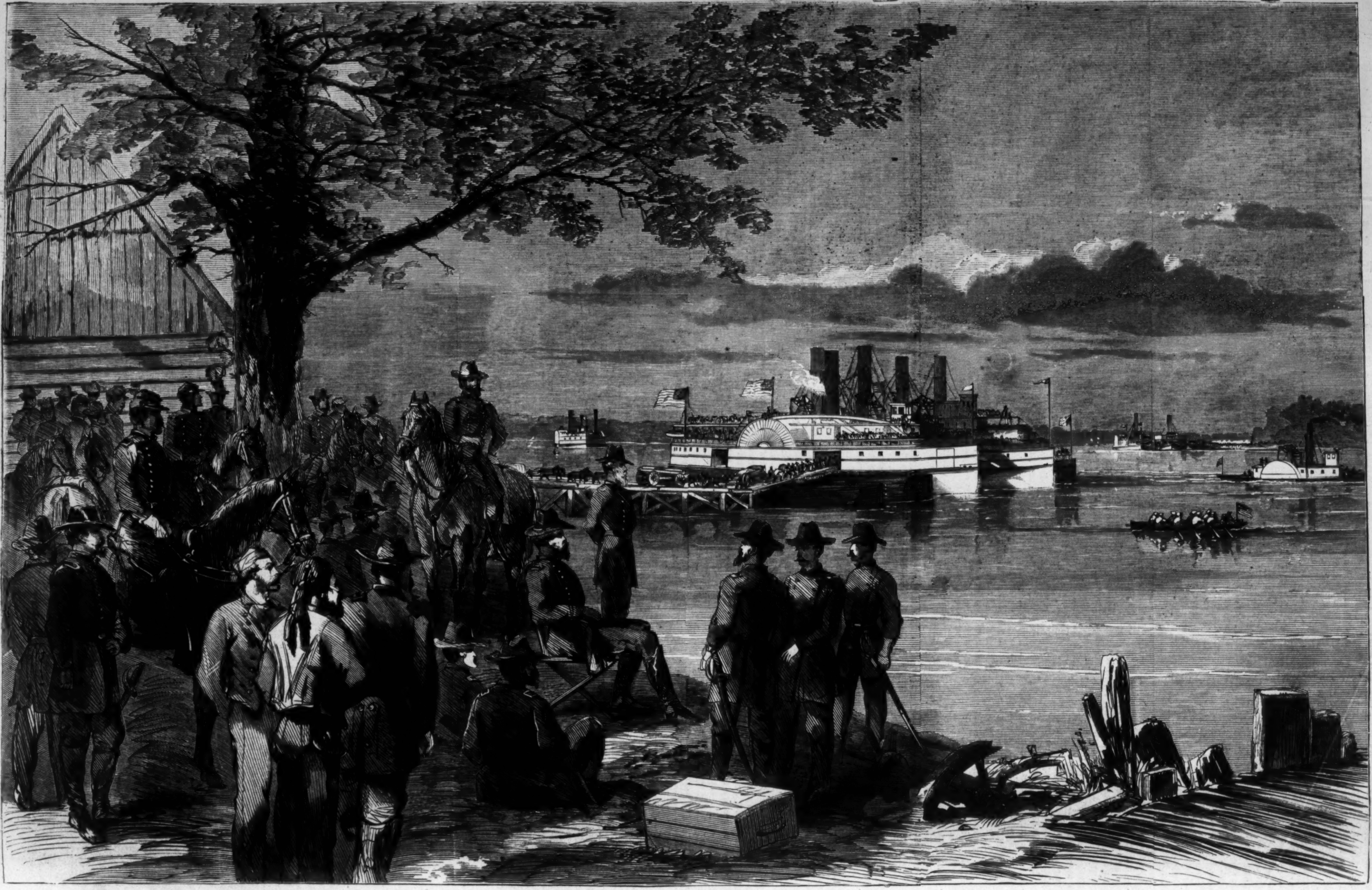
FOREIGN NEWS.

THE DANO-GERMAN QUESTION.

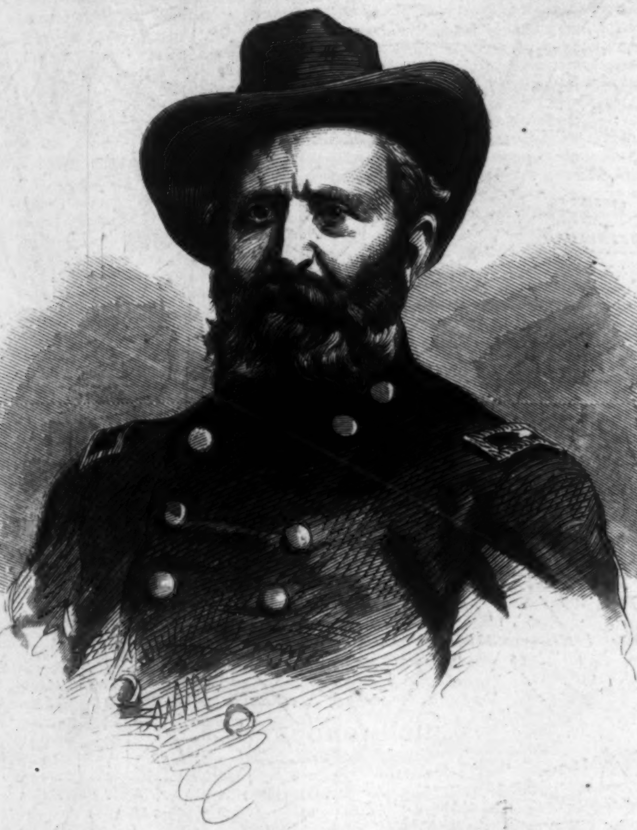
There appears to have been no progress made in settling the matters in dispute between Denmark and the allied powers. The former insists upon the line of the Schlei as its southern boundary. On the other hand, the Germanic Confederation appear equally determined that Schleswig shall not be conceded to Denmark except by the consent of the people of Schleswig. The position of the neutral powers—the most important element in the question—is still undetermined. Earl Russell has intimated that, should the Austrian fleet proceed to the Baltic when hostilities were resumed, England would be compelled to send a fleet also.

There were rumors that the present British Ministry would be broken up by the Tories on account of the popular dissatisfaction concerning the Danish question; but this demonstration seems to have failed, not being adequately supported by the Conservative party. The *Morning Herald* contends that a new Ministry under Lord Derby would obtain for the Germans the line of the Schlei for the Danish frontier, while they will not give it to Earl Russell until he has actually gone to war for it.

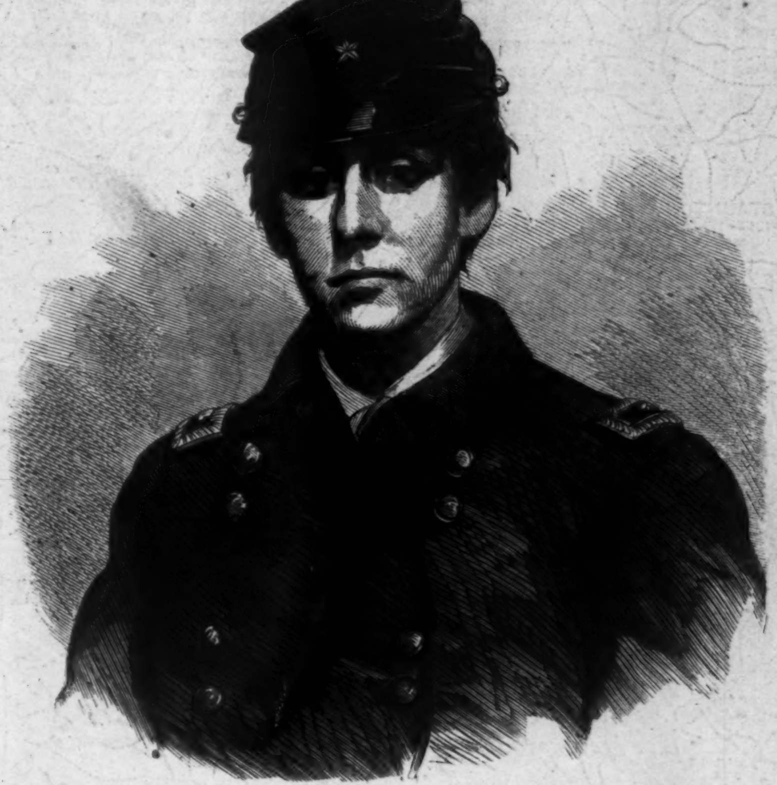
The same paper, in reply to the excuse that Conservatives would have done no better than the Ministry, says that they would have known their own minds, they would have determined how far it was the duty and interest of England to defend Denmark, and they would have intimated their decision in clear and unmistakable terms to Denmark herself and to Germany.



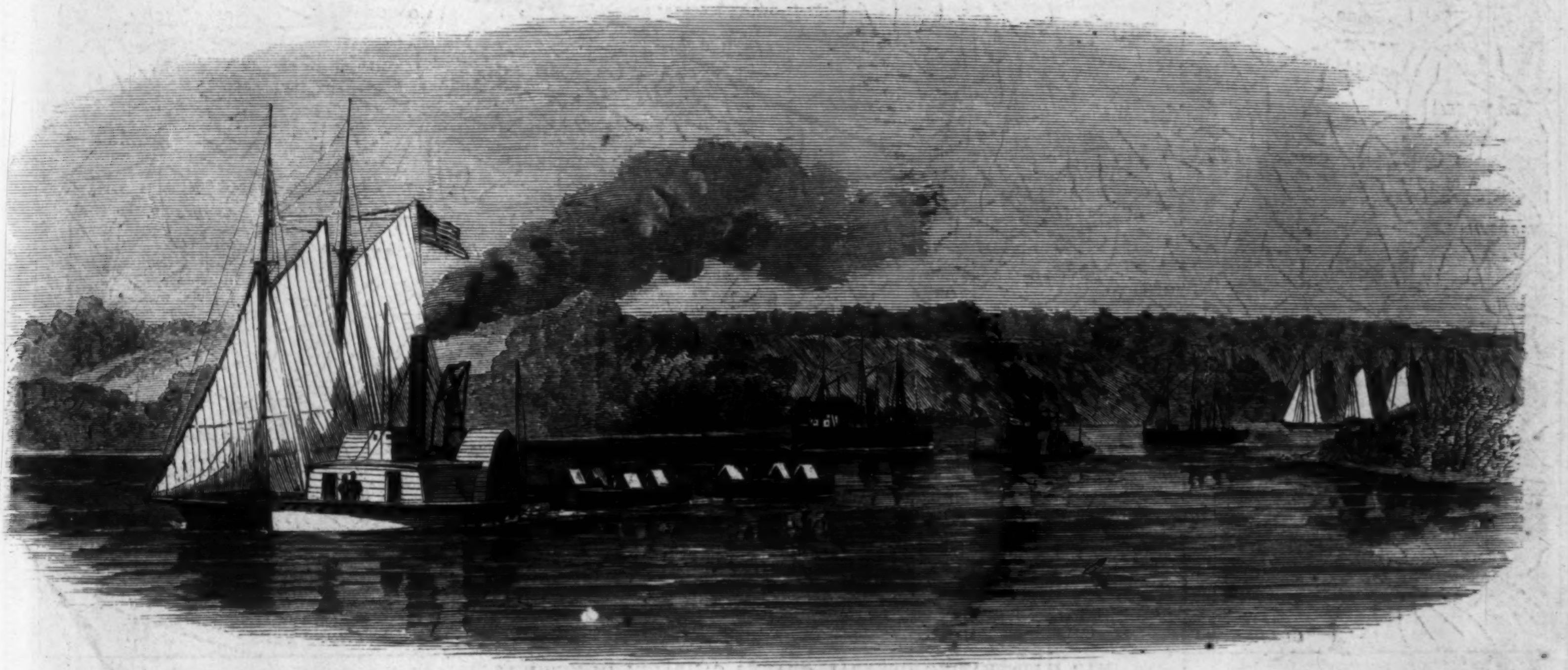
GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—TRANSPORTATION OF HANCOCK'S CORPS ACROSS THE JAMES AT WILCOX'S LANDING.—Sketched by William Waud.—[See Page 442.]



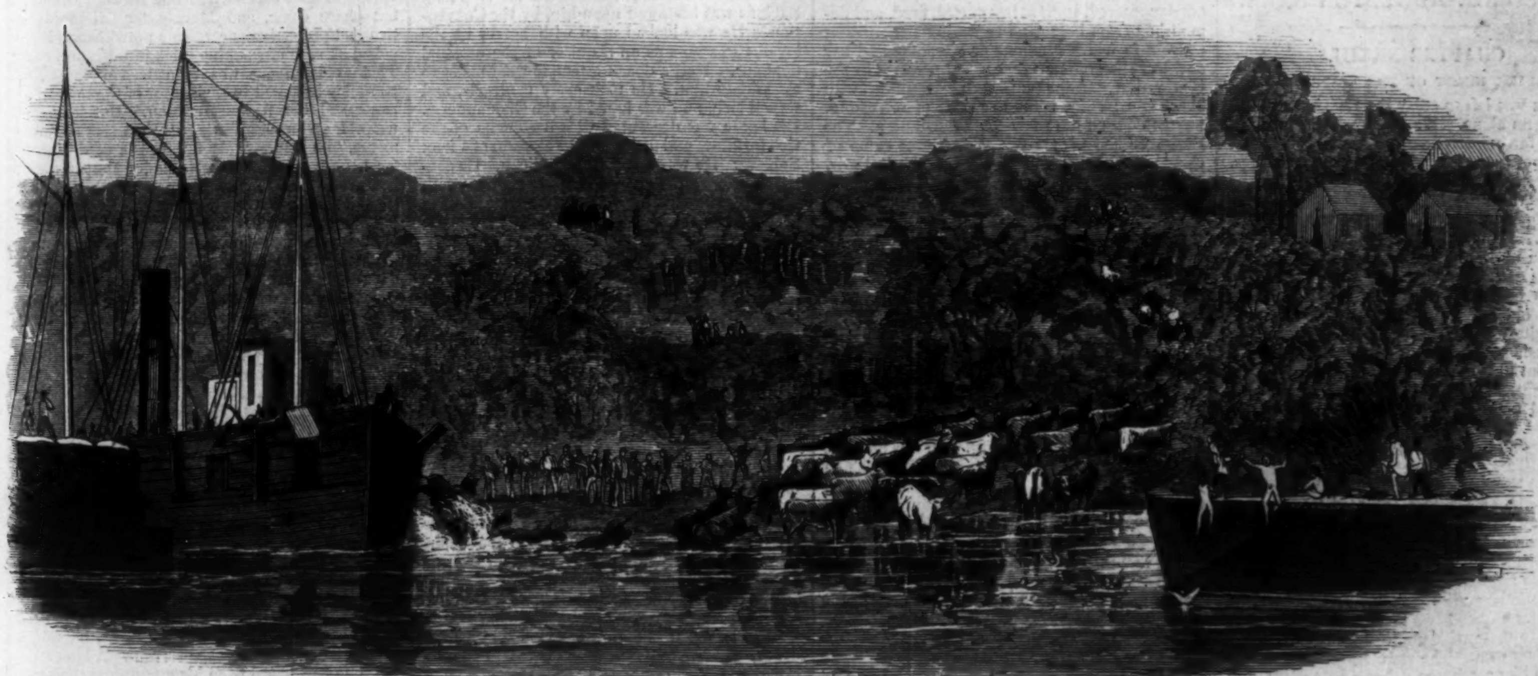
THE LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL HAYS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



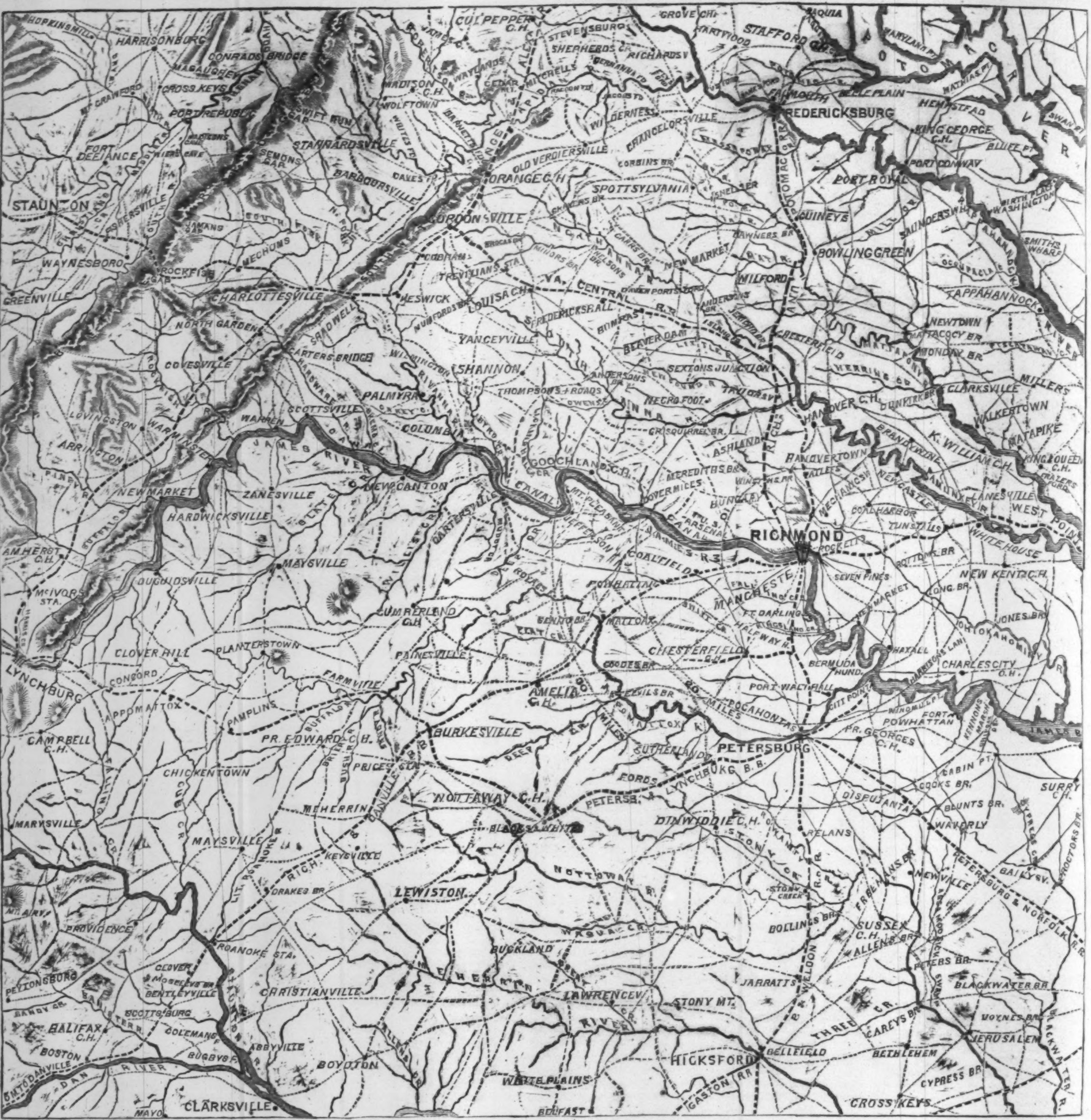
BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. C. BARLOW.—[SEE PAGE 445.]



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—A VIEW ON THE PAMUNKEY.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 442.]



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—LANDING OF CATTLE FOR THE USE OF THE ARMY.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 442.]


CUL'PEPPER C.H.
STAFFORD C.H.
POTOMAC RIVER
HARRISONBURG
CONRADS BRIDGE
CROSS KEYS
PORT REPUBLIC
MADISON C.H.
WILDERNESS
CHANCELLORSVILLE
FREDERICKSBURG
KING GEORGE C.H.
PORT ROYAL
STAUNTON
STARRARDSVILLE
BARBOURSVILLE
ORANGE C.H.
SPOTTSYLVANIA C.H.
GORDONSVILLE
WAYNESBORO
GUINEYS
BOWLING GREEN
TAPPAHANNOCK
CHARLOTTESVILLE
LOUISA C.H.
VA. CENTRAL R.R.
MILFORD
NEW MARKET
YANCEYVILLE
SHANNON
BEAVER DAM
SEXTONS JUNCTION
HANOVER C.H.
PALMYRA
COLUMBIA
SCOTTSVILLE
ASHLAND
K. WILLIAM C.H.
WEST POINT
JAMES RIVER
GOOCHLAND C.H.
RICHMOND
NEW CANTON
ZANESVILLE
NEW MARKET
HARDWICKSVILLE
AMHERST C.H.
MAYSVILLE
MANCHESTER
SEVEN PINES
NEW KENT C.H.
CUMBERLAND C.H.
CHESTERFIELD C.H.
CHARLES CITY C.H.
LYNCHBURG
CLOVER HILL
PLANTERSTOWN
FARMVILLE
AMELIA C.H.
BERMUDA HUND.
PORT WALTHALL
CITY POINT
FORT POWHATTAN
CAMPBELL C.H.
APPOMATTOX
PR. EDWARD C.H.
BURKESVILLE
PETERSBURG
PR. GEORGES C.H.
CHICKENTOWN
NOTTAWAY C.H.
DINWIDDIE C.H.
SURRY C.H.
MARYSVILLE
MAYSVILLE
WAVERLY
LEWISTON
SUSSEX C.H.
PROVIDENCE
ROANOKE STA.
PEYTONSBURG
CHRISTIANVILLE
LAWRENCEV.
STONY MT.
JARRATTS
JERUSALEM
HALIFAX C.H.
BOSTON
BOYDTON
HICKSFORD
BELLFIELD
BETHLEHEM
CYPRESS BR.
DAN RIVER
WHITE PLAINS
GASTON R.R.
CROSS KEYS
CLARKSVILLE
MAYO
BELFAST

MAP ILLUSTRATING GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE BLANK HEART OF THE SCAPE-GRACE.

Edgar was left to enjoy the remainder of his Chambertin alone. He did ample justice to it, and was further privileged to smoke his cigar—a favor not extended to any other male visitor. It was perhaps as well, for the sake of peace and quiet, that the baroness did not "receive" when Edgar favored the establishment with his presence. To tell the truth, he rather alarmed the feeble old ladies and gentlemen who composed his grand-aunt's social circle. He was a little too boisterous, and a little too insolent; and the old ladies and gentlemen, who were high-spirited, albeit feeble, declined, sometimes with considerable warmth, to bow to his dictation. But to his aunt he must always be Lord Paramount. She invariably deferred to him. He could never be in the wrong. Was he not her grand-nephew, the only being upon earth left to remind her of her English kindred?

The outbreak of the great French revolution had found Madame de Kergolay young, beautiful, and the wife of a nobleman of ancient descent and great wealth, distinguished in arms, and high in his sovereign's favor. In the haughty province of Brittany there was no estate better tended, and no château more stately, than belonged to the Kergolays of Vieux Sablons. The baroness bore her husband two daughters. They were destined to mate with nobles of as illustrious a line as their own. The revolution came sweeping down like a crimson deluge on society, and all was engulfed beneath its waves. M. de Kergolay emigrated, leaving his wife and infant children concealed in a convent in Paris. The manor-house of Vieux Sablons was sacked by the revolutionary troops, taken by a band of Chouan peasants, besieged, captured, its defenders slaughtered, itself at last gutted, fired, and demolished from basement to coping-stone. The convent in which Madame de Kergolay and her daughters had taken refuge was suppressed by the Convention, and the nuns were driven forth with blows and insults, some to perish of starvation, many to die on the Place de la Révolution. The Baron de Kergolay left the emigrant camp of Condé in disguise, and sought his wife in Paris. He was discovered, flung into the Conciergerie, and guillotined. Her husband's brothers, and scores of her relatives and friends, had already undergone the same fate. Her widowhood was yet green upon her when she, too, was arrested and cast into the Abbaye. There, after a short time, both her children died of malignant fever. The smell of so much blood, the poor woman said, choked them. When Fouquier Tinville denounced the femme Kergolay before the revolutionary tribunal, she was half frantic, and a far fitter subject for a cell at Bicêtre than for the judgment of a criminal court. But she was condemned to death nevertheless. The revolutionary tribunal did not stick at trifles. All was fish that came to the net of terrorism. The Baronne de Kergolay was arrayed in the fatal camisole, and was mounting the cart which was to convey her to the scaffold, when the fall of Robespierre obtained for her a temporary reprieve, ultimately enlarged into a pardon. But she was not the less a proscribed and ruined ci-devant. She herself used to describe how she had begged for alms on the Quai des Orfèvres. After a period of unutterable privation and destitution, a friend found her out and stealthily helped her. That friend was her former footman from Vieux Sablons, Thomas Prudence. He had prospered, and grown wealthy even. The shipwreck had cast him, too, on the waves, but he had been strong and buoyant, and battled with them, and, clinging to spars and hen-coops, had been saved. A portion of the sequestrated manor of Vieux Sablons was bestowed upon him by the Convention. He was looked upon with horror by the loyalist peasants as an acquirer of the national domains. Half a dozen attempts were made to assassinate him. He took army contracts, and waxed rich, and was hated by the Chouannerie. His house was decorated with fragments of the rich furniture and fittings of the château of Vieux Sablons. He was a stanch republican. He contrived, however, to furnish his old mistress with funds enabling her to reach England, and during her lengthened residence there, from 1796 to the fall of Napoleon, nearly twenty years, he conveyed to her no less a sum than ten thousand pounds sterling. It was but a mere trifle, he said—a wreck, a windfall—but it was all hers. Nay, he took advantage of the peace of Amiens to freight a sloop at Nantes with the articles he had saved from the dismantled château, and send them to her whom he still called his châtelaine and benefactress.

Madame de Kergolay went down into Lancashire and abode for a long time at Preston, much beloved and respected by the old Catholic families in those parts. But the race to which she herself belonged, the Greyfaunts, she found decayed and almost extinct. One nephew, a country gentleman with estates mortgaged to their last rood, she discovered. The son of that nephew was Edgar Greyfaunt, who was born just before Waterloo.

When all was over with Napoleon, the Baronne de Kergolay, who had been living on the interest of the money sent her by Thomas Prudence, and who had even managed to put by some twenty hundred pounds of savings from her income, returned to France. It was not long before she heard of Thomas. The collapse of the Empire, which had restored her to society, had ruined him. On the profits of his army contracts he had started a cotton manufactory. He might have become a second Richard Lenoir; but peace came, and Manchester, all prohibitive and protective enactments notwithstanding, poked its nose of smoking brick into France, and Thomas Prudence was ruined. Madame de Kergolay hastened to the succor of the man who had saved her from starvation. But Thomas was old, and wanted little. "I am sick of commerce," he said. "My failure is a punishment for having taken contracts under the usurper. Diantre! how the rouleaux used to roll in, though! But that is all over now. I am growing old and foolish. Let me come back to you, Madame la Baronne, and be your footman. Promote me to be your butler, if you like. I have my old livery still by me, and I will serve you as faithfully as I did in the days when you were the Châtelaine of Vieux Sablons."

"You shall be my friend and adviser in the evening of my days," cried Madame de Kergolay, clasping the old man's hand.

And so, indeed, Thomas Prudence, otherwise Vieux Sablons, was; but he would never consent to divest himself of his livery, or to consider himself as any thing but an attached and favored menial of the great house of Vieux Sablons.

In this light—the menial light—without the attachment or the favor, the octogenarian was regarded by the superb young gentleman now sipping his Chambertin and smoking his cigar. This high and mighty prince, precisely as he thought it the most natural thing in the world that his grand-aunt should spoil and idolize himself, deemed it a matter of course that Vieux Sablons should be his very obedient, humble, obsequious, and contemned servant. A hundred times he had heard from his grand-aunt the story of the old man's devotion and self-sacrifice. He thought that a very natural thing too. He knew perfectly well that every sou the baroness possessed had been given to her by the worn-out lackey; but he treated him with calm and disdainful insolence. "Well," he would sometimes acknowledge, when remonstrated with by his grand-aunt for some unusual act of contumeliousness toward the ancient servitor, "perhaps he had at one time rendered some sort of service to the family. But it was ever so long ago. Besides, it was his duty; and the romantic kind of gratitude was only possible in virtuous dramas at the Gymnase." I wonder what would become of the world if acts of duty such as Thomas Prudence had performed were only possible in virtuous dramas at a play-house!

One most salient characteristic of Edgar Greyfaunt would be overlooked if it were omitted to mention that he entertained a profound contempt for the people among whom he was domiciled. He went into French society, and of the best, because his relationship to Madame de Kergolay opened to him dozens of doors in France, while his English appellation would have been quite powerless in like regard in the country of his birth. He spoke French fluently, because he had been brought up at the Collége Louis-le-Grand; but no protectionist farmer had ever a livelier dislike and heartier contempt for the French than Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt. He held the Greyfaunts of Lancashire to be infinitely superior in point of extraction, status, and polish, not only to the Kergolays, but to all the Rohans, Noailles, Condés, or Montmorencys in the Libro d'Oro of France. As, however, it was only the allowance his grand-aunt made him that kept him from starving, he resigned himself to his lot, and contented himself with abusing and sneering at the people in whose midst he lived. "I have a turn for drawing and painting," he would remark to such English exquisites as he from time to time met in Paris; "and so, as a gentleman must do something in a country where there are no field-sports worth having, and the Church is impossible, and Literature is snuffy and vulgar, and the Bar low, I moved the old lady to place me with Delaroche, who lets me do what I like, and makes much of me. In France, you know, it is the custom for artists to go into society. David, the scoundrel, was a baron; and so was Gros; and they give Us a plentiful share of crosses and red ribbons. A fellow doesn't mind going in for art if he's looked up to, and is decorated, and goes to court, and all that kind of thing. But it wouldn't do in England, you know. I should be obliged to go into the army, or something of that sort, and keep the paint-pot dark." After which profound exposition of the proprieties Prince Greyfaunt's exquisite friends would opine that he had acted very sensibly, and that so long as he remained in that confounded hole, meaning Paris, it was just as well to spoil canvas as to do nothing at all. But he must never forget, they told him, what he owed to society, and when the old lady (meaning his grand-aunt) died, and cut up well, he would return to his native country, live as a gentleman should, and keep the paint-pots very dark indeed.

Prince Edgar had come to the end of his second cigar, and of the Chambertin too; he had taken his coffee, his petit verre, and his chasse. It was nearly ten o'clock. On his condescending visits the vigils of the Marais were prolonged until eleven, and it now occurred to him that he might join the ladies. "There will be that stupid old abbé prosing away as usual," he remarked, with a yawn, "but I suppose I must endure him." Presently a bitter smile came over him at the thought that he had spoken of Lily as one of the "ladies." Who was the little thing? He would ask Vieux Sablons.

"A protégée of Madame la Baronne," replied the servitor, with a low bow.

"Charity, I suppose?" continued the young man.

"The usual charity and benevolence of Madame la Baronne," replied Thomas, laying respectful emphasis on the words.

"Ah! my good aunt does not consider that her charity has a tendency to eat her natural heirs out of house and home. Upon my word, her house is a receptacle for the lame, the halt, and the blind. I do believe that half the people who come here are no better than a pack of old paupers. My friends call this place the Dépôt de Mendicité. Who is that Babette, for instance?"

"Charity," repeated Vieux Sablons, "but a very excellent and faithful servant."

"As you also deem yourself, no doubt, my most exemplary Vieux Sablons," said Edgar, as he lazily rose. "I wonder where my aunt picked up that little English girl? Do you know?"

"No, Sir," responded the ex-contractor, telling, with the purest intentions, a deliberate falsehood.

"Out of the gutter, I presume. My aunt is not particular. She prefers rags to ermine. The little thing is passable. What do you think, hey?"

"Monsieur is good enough to say so."

"She is more than passable, most respectable fox. Is there any kissing allowed in the pantry?"

"I respect my mistress and benefactress, I respect youth and innocence, and I respect myself," said the old man, in a low voice.

"The first we know all about; it is an old story. The second is youth and innocence's affair. The third concerns yourself, and is no very important matter. Well, I will go and see the little thing, and draw her out. Upon my honor she is a great deal more than passable."

And flinging his napkin on the table he condescended to stroll into the drawing-room.

"Monsieur Edgar Greyfaunt," muttered the old servant, as he clattered to and fro with the paraphernalia of the table, putting every thing in its place in cupboard and pantry, "you are a gentilhomme; and the grand-nephew of my beloved mistress; and clever, and handsome, and very fashionable; but, upon my word, I think you have no more heart than this empty bottle."

He was holding the flask of Chambertin in his hand. There was just a drain of the rare old wine left, and he poured it into a glass and drank it off, and smacked his thin old lips. Although but dregs the dram was generous, and gave him courage for a bolder thought.

"And, upon my word, Monsieur Edgar Greyfaunt," he concluded, "my private opinion is, that you are a very finished scoundrel, and will come to a bad end."

A little after eleven o'clock the Prince lighted a cigar and went down to the Café Anglais.

"How much money has he asked you for?" said the abbé, as the door closed behind Edgar.

"Five thousand francs," replied the baroness, putting her handkerchief to her eyes. "Poor dear fellow, he says he will be ruined if I can not raise that sum by Tuesday next. Dear abbé, you must go to-morrow to my notary."

"And you have but ten thousand francs a year. Madame la Baronne, this misguided youth will be the ruin of you."

The Abbé Chatain was pacing the room with long soft strides, but a most melancholy visage.

"Let *him* be ruined," he resumed, halting. "Better that he should suffer than you, than your widows and orphans, than your beggars and penitents. Let him suffer. It may do him good."

"Lily did not hear this lugubrious conversation. She was in bed. By the time the abbé had departed she was asleep, dreaming of Edgar Greyfaunt.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

POOR LITTLE LILY.

WOE for the little woman! for she was a woman now. She woke up the next morning, and she loved the Scape-grace.

Had any one come to her, and said, "Lily, you are in love," she would, with pretty earnestness, have repudiated the charge. She would have pleaded that she knew nothing about love; that she had read but few love-tales, and heard but few persons talk about love; that she had been Quite Alone all her life, and, in default (until very recently) of there being any one to love her, was ignorant of the precise manner in which affection, although directed toward another object, should be repudiated.

Woe for the little woman! She loved the Scape-grace nevertheless.

Love came to her as no smirking Cupid with purple wings to fetter her with shackles made from wreaths of roses. Love was no powdered shepherd, as in the tapestries in the baroness's chamber, with flowers in his wig, and ribbons to his crook. Love came silently, and sat over against her little bed, and said, "I am here; and, henceforth, you must be my slave and bond-servant."

She was too weak to battle with him. She was too candid to deny him. She was too good to tell a lie to herself, and call love liking. She acknowledged him, bowed down before him, and gave herself up to him, a submissive, truthful captive.

It seemed to be a love to which there had been no beginning, and to which there could be no end. Marriage—the thought never entered her head. Passion—she knew not what passion was. To be beloved again—she never nurtured a hope that he whom she loved would ever return her love, or even know of it. It was more the sublime side of the love of a child for her doll; and from the sublime to the ridiculous there was, as usual, but one step. To lavish boundless affection on an object which was, to her, inanimate and unconscious; to pour terms of affection into deaf ears, to mirror herself in blind eyes, to gloat over breathless lips, to cherish an image which, without, is only paint, and varnish, and scraps of ribbon; and, within, only rags and saw-dust—this is what the child does with her doll; and this is what Lily Floris did with the idol of Edgar Greyfaunt, which she had built up in the corner of her soul. A spruce Fetish, forsooth. A golden calf, or one shining at least with the bravest Dutch metal. A curled and oiled Mumbo-Jumbo; but she worshiped it in secret, and with a devouring adoration. Had she, in her dreary childhood, been given more dolls to play with, she might not, perhaps, have been so ready to fall in love with the stalwart waxen puppet that was called Edgar Greyfaunt.

Do you reproach her for falling in love at first sight? Silly girls, at her age, and loving as she did, usually do so. The prudent virgins are vaccinated, and take the disorder slowly, and in the mildest form; albeit, on them, often, in middle life, the disease falls again with appalling virulence, and kills them. The foolish virgins catch the infection at once, and have it hot and strong; and happy are those who get over it, and rise again, cured, but scarred for life.

Besides, is there any love at first sight? One doubts it. Is not the first fortuitous rencounter with the object that is to be beloved merely the realization of an ideal that has been nourished in the heart for years? It seemed to Lily as though she had always been thinking of Edgar Greyfaunt ever since she was a child, and now he had come. She had always loved, and would always continue to love him.

Had there been two parties to this amorous action a third might have interposed in the suit. An interpleader might have arisen in the shape of jealousy. Lily would have dreamt of a rival, feared her, hated her perhaps; for as it is in the power of Love to mollify and sweeten all evil thoughts, so is it unhappily within his attributes to turn all that is good into poison and venom. But Lily was plaintiff, defendant, counsel, attorney, judge, jury, usher, and auditory all in one. She stated her own case, and replied to herself. She summed up herself, and herself gave the verdict, and herself delivered the verdict. It was always to the same effect: that she loved Edgar Greyfaunt.

But he, handsome, gifted, courted—did he love, was he beloved by, another? Well, Lily thought upon this sometimes, and trembled, and her heart swooned within her. But she was not always possessed by the thought. Love is so far merciful as not perpetually to insist on the unknown eventuality. If the young who love in secret suffered this torture of fear without intermission they would go out and drown themselves. If a man of threescore years and ten, who knows his end to be imminent, were always dwelling upon death, he would never be able to eat his dinner. Oblivion for the mind is as necessary as rest for the body, and is as beneficently meted out to us. Labor and thought without surcease, would be intolerable.

The spiteful magician Love has the art of making all things appear as they are not; and has been reveling in that trick ever since he made the Fairy Queen enamored of the weaver clown that had the jackass's head instead of his own clod pate. For thousands of years before that, maybe, he worked the same rascally spell. Love can transfer, transfuse, transmute, conjure dry leaves into guineas, dress up the daw in peacock's feathers, give the wolf sheep's clothing; turn Christopher Sly into a duke, the princess into a goose-girl, the pumpkin into a coach and six, and the Beast into Prince Azor; quite as often, believe me, the Beast is a Beast to the end of the chapter, only Beauty is stricken by Love with color-blindness, and mistakes rusty black for brightest crimson. To Lily Edgar Greyfaunt was at once (but it was all conjuring) invested with the most lovable attributes of the kind gentleman at Greenwich who had sat by her side at the dinner, and kissed her when she went away. Straightway she passed, in an arbitrary little parliament, an act for transferring stock; and under this act all the love standing in the Million per Cents in the name of William Long was handed over to Edgar Greyfaunt. Then she piled Pelion upon Ossa; she buttered the fat pig; she gilded the refined gold; she smothered her idol with roses. She gave him all the love she felt for the school-mates who had been kind to her; for the Bunnycastles; for the good-hearted folks at Cutwig & Co.'s; for the very courier on board the steamer who had treated her with "joggolate." And lastly, she bestowed upon the vacuous inane Fetish (ah! but he was so beautiful!) all the immeasurable love she should have felt for the parents who had neglected and abandoned her. Was there none left for Madame de Kergolay, for kindly Madame Prudence, for the homely Babette, for the cheery Vieux Sablons, for the good priest? Well! there was gratitude, veneration; but what would you have? When the Houses of Parliament are all ablaze, who thinks of the chimney that has caught fire in a second floor back in the Horseferry Road?

So much overwhelming, overpowering love did she give the handsome Fetish, that he might have staggered and sunk under the weight. He happened, however, to know nothing about it; and had he known all about it, the handsome brute would not have understood it.

But the fires of her love were well banked up. The furious little furnace consumed its own smoke. It found no vent in sighs and moans, in confidences with women, in tender glances, in passionate letters, in sickly poetry (the which safety-valve has saved many estimable lads and lasses from the commission of suicide; the chief advantages being that, once in love, any idiot can write poetry, and when one has written a hundred and thirty stanzas, and duly corrected them, they can always be torn up and crammed into the fire). Lily had no one to speak to, and no one to write to, about her love. A dim pervading consciousness came sometimes over her, warning her that if any body about the place—the housekeeper, the old lackey, the priest, the baroness—knew aught of her secret, the knowledge would be equivalent to her condemnation to death. And so, nothing short of the rack and the thumb-screw, or the delirium of brain-fever, would have made her confess that terrible word of fatefulness.

What could the poor child do, then? Let concealment, like a worm in the bud, prey on her damask cheek? Not at all. Her love coveted and courted concealment. It had been engendered of a sudden, like a mushroom, and grew best in a cellar. It was a modest, and a timid and silent love. It would have died for very shame had it been dragged into the open air. Its sequestration preyed by no means on Lily's cheek. It made her happy. It was company to her. Good and generous as the simple folks were among whom she had been mercifully thrown, Lily could but feel that they were strangers to her. But now she had this love, and she was no longer Quite Alone.

The love must have some vent, however, or her heart-strings would have cracked. There was an old harpsichord in the salon, playing on which she had often lulled Madame de Kergolay to sleep. She was no brilliant performer, for her music-lessons had been few and far between, and her practice had been furtively snatched from the menial occupations, and the hours of confinement and punishment, at the Pension Marcassin. But Lily had a quick ear, an adroit finger, and a pretty taste. There was a pile of old pigtail music on a cabinet by the harpsichord—madrigals and canzonets, ballads and complaintes—from "Vive Henri Quatre" to "La Belle Gabrielle," from "Charmante bergère, m'aimeras-tu?" to "J'ai vu Dorinde; elle me sourit." Lily had learned to play these fusty charming productions—to know even something of Gluck, and Rameau, and Grétry. And sometimes even she ventured to sing in a low tender voice some ballad, English or French, that Madame de Kergolay loved. She found herself now drifting from the decorous stream of graven music into a turbid ocean of voluntaries and capriccios. It was her love. Love was streaming from her heart, and down her rounded arms, and from her fingers on to the ebony and ivory of the keys. The baroness told her that she was fast becoming a brilliant player. The baroness sighed that she could not afford to buy her a piano-forte. She declared that she would hire one. The Abbé Chatain suggested a seraphine. None of them knew that it was Love who was the music-master.

And then, in the privacy of her little chamber, she would strive to draw and delineate the features of the beautiful Fetish. Her fingers were unused to the pencil, and she gave up the attempt disconsolately. But in a bunch of flowers she could see his likeness; his face came forth among the crackling embers on the hearth; his profile undulated in the pattern of the wall-paper; it curled in the smoke from the house-tops. It was wreathed in the fleeciness of the summer clouds.

Once or twice, in the Luxembourg Gardens, she detected herself tracing the letter E with her parasol in the powdery gravel. But Prudence being with her she hastened to efface the letter and make diagrams of monstrous creatures with impossible noses and preternatural cocked-hats. Yet it seemed as if the letter E could never be rubbed out. Do all she could it was indelible as the blood at Holyrood.

At home she was less cautious Poetry, indeed, she eschewed, and, as has been said, she had no one to write to about him. But she found herself scribbling his name one day all over a blotting-pad. It was "Edgar Greyfaunt," "Monsieur Edgar Greyfaunt," "Captain Greyfaunt," "Le Chevalier Edgar de Greyfaunt," "Monsieur le Baron de Greyfaunt-Kergolay." Then she stopped; but why not have gone on to prince, or king, or kaiser? Had Edgar seen the blotting-pad his enormous vanity would have had stomach for them all.

This is the way in which girls go on. Poor Lily indeed!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A SEA-PIECE.—When is a fishing-boat in danger of sinking?—When it has got a *fissure* in it.

PICKED UP AT EPSOM (AFTER THE EVENT).—Why should three Scotchmen have had the first three horses?—Because none of them were scratched.

"They're always giving things different resignations from what they used to have," said Mrs. Partington to Ike. "In my opinion what they call the new ralgia is catamount to the old rheumatiz."

LOST!—A small lady's watch with a white face; also two ivory young ladies' work-boxes. A mahogany gentleman's dressing-case and a small pony, belonging to a young lady with a silver mane and tail.

A QUESTION FOR "COOK."—Is a "flying joint" usually accompanied by a "hasty pudding?"

LITERARY.—The "Woman in White" did *not* first appear in "*Black*-wood."

WHO REQUIRE SLEEP MOST.—Women require more sleep than men, and farmers less than those engaged in any other occupation. Editors, reporters, printers, and telegraph operators need not sleep at all. Lawyers can sleep as much as they choose, and keep out of mischief.

SCHOOLMASTER. "How many kinds of axes are there?"
LITTLE BOY. "Broad axe, narrow axe, iron axe, steel axe, axe of the Apostles, and axe my father!"
SCHOOLMASTER.—"Good, go to the top of the class."

Why ought women to be employed in the post-office?—Because they understand how to manage the *males*.

CHIT-CHAT.—Naturally women talk more than men. The learned Buxtorf informs us in his "Hebrew Lexicon," that the primeval name Eve is derived from a root signifying talk; and it was, perhaps, from a dim idea of this kind that the Rabbins owed their tradition, that twelve baskets of chit-chat—it could not be gossip, for there were no neighbors to gossip about—were rained down into Paradise, for Adam and Eve to amuse themselves with, of which twelve Adam picked up three, and Eve the other nine.

MOTTO FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—"Distance *lens* enchantment to the view."

Vermonters live to a great age, as is well known. There are two men up there so old that they have forgotten who they are, and there are no neighbors living who can remember.

Pack your cares in as small a space as you can, so that you can carry them yourself and not let them annoy others.

What peculiar phrenological development does a successful dairyman possess?—The pump of adulteration.

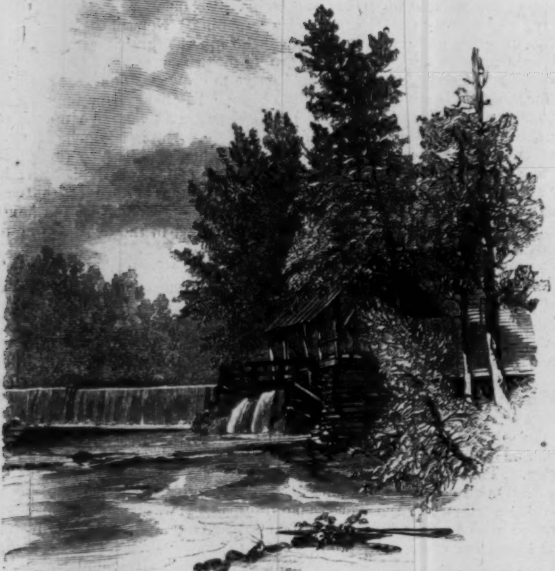
A DEBATING club lately discussed the important question, "Whether a cock's knowledge of daybreak is the result of observation or instinct."

Sometimes the sadness which generally prevails among the wounded and dying is banished by a ludicrous incident. An Irishman who had been fatally wounded was advised by the surgeon to give his effects to a person near by. He pulled out his razor and asked, comically, "If he would send that home to the ould woman." "Yes," said the delegate. Next came out his glasses, and then $17 65, of which one dollar was silver. All these things he wanted sent. But when the delegate went to take them, he asked him to "wait a bit. These doctors are not always right. Yese betther be after seeing whether I'm going to die or not!"

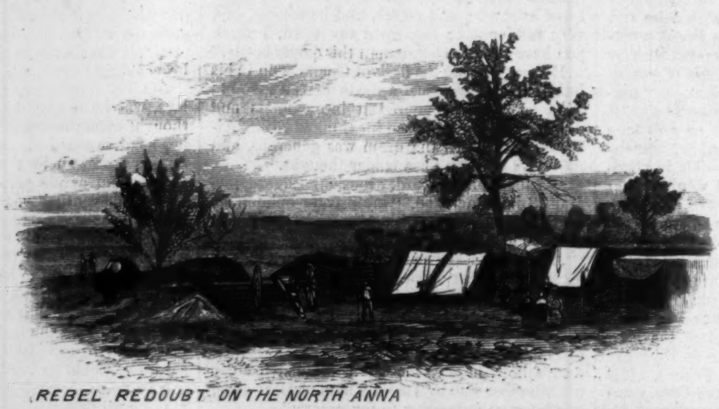
The following dialogue is said to have taken place recently between a married couple on their travels: "My dear, are you comfortable in that corner?" "Quite, thank you, my dear." "Sure there's plenty of room for your feet?" "Quite sure, love." "And no cold air from the window by your ear?" "Quite certain, darling." "Then, my dear, I'll change places with you."

"Papa," said a little boy to his papa the other day, "are not sailors *very, very* small men?" "No, my dear," answered the father; "what leads you to suppose that they are so small?" "Because," replied the young idea, smartly, "I read the other day of a sailor going to sleep in his watch."

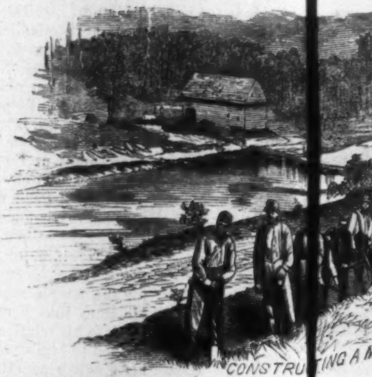
What is equal to raising pitchforks?—Hailing omnibuses.



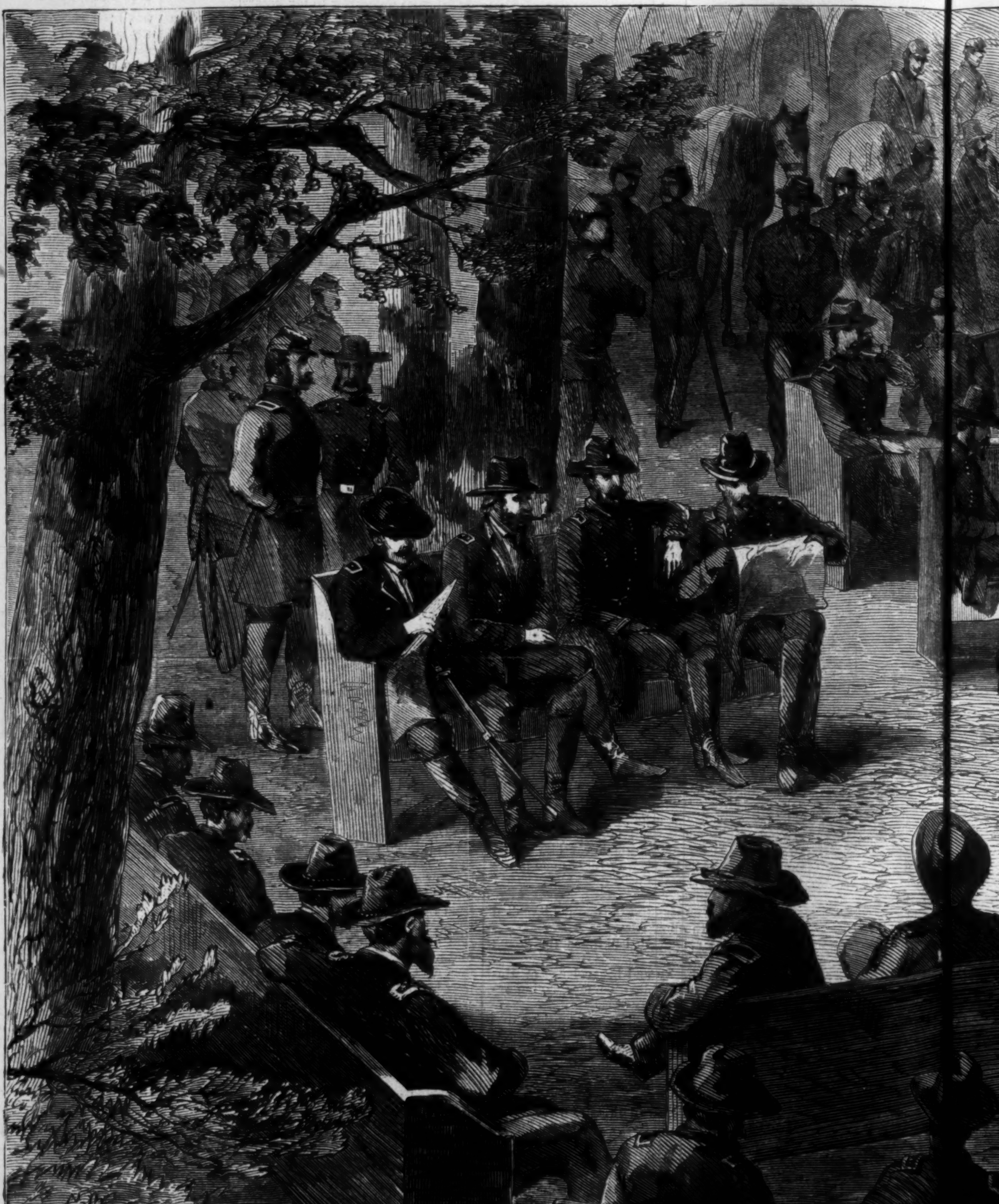
QUARLES MILL, N. ANNA. R.

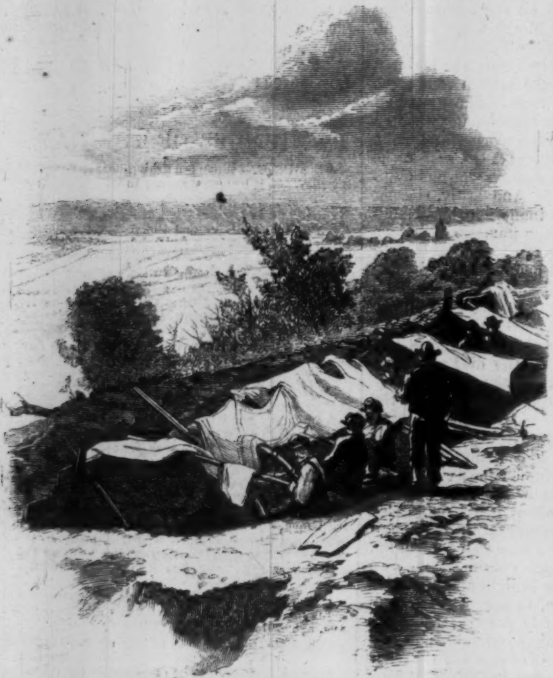


REBEL REDOUBT ON THE NORTH ANNA

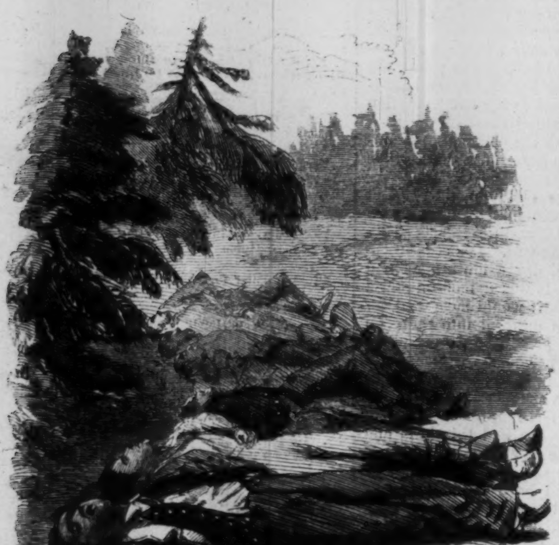


CONSTRU ING A

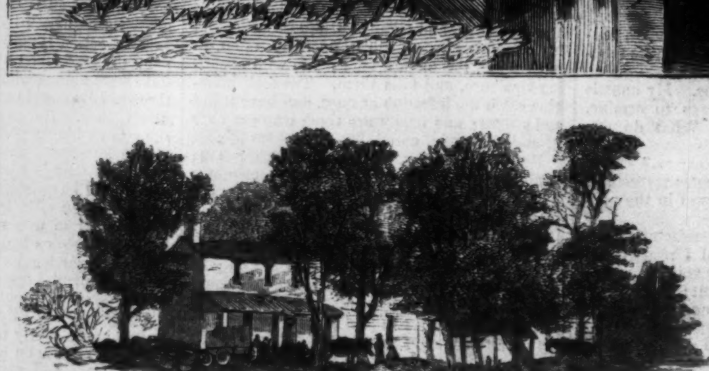




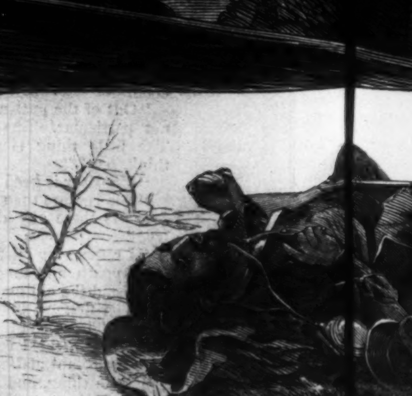
SOLDIERS IN RIFLE PITS NEAR CHESTERFIELD BRIDGE N.A.RIVER



CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS LAID OUT FOR BURIAL.

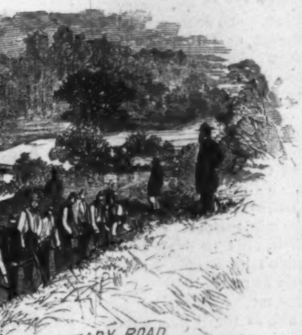


BEVERLY HOUSE

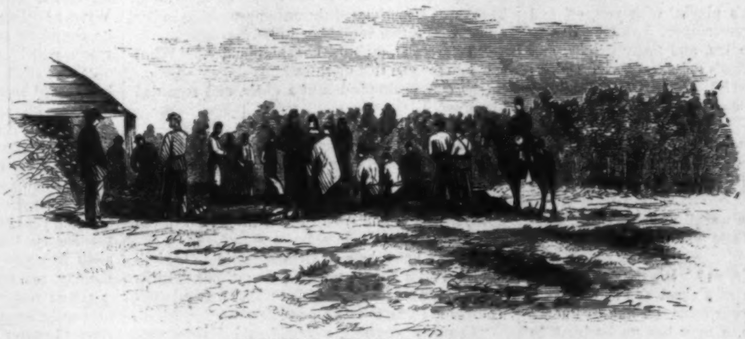


ONE OF EWELL SOL

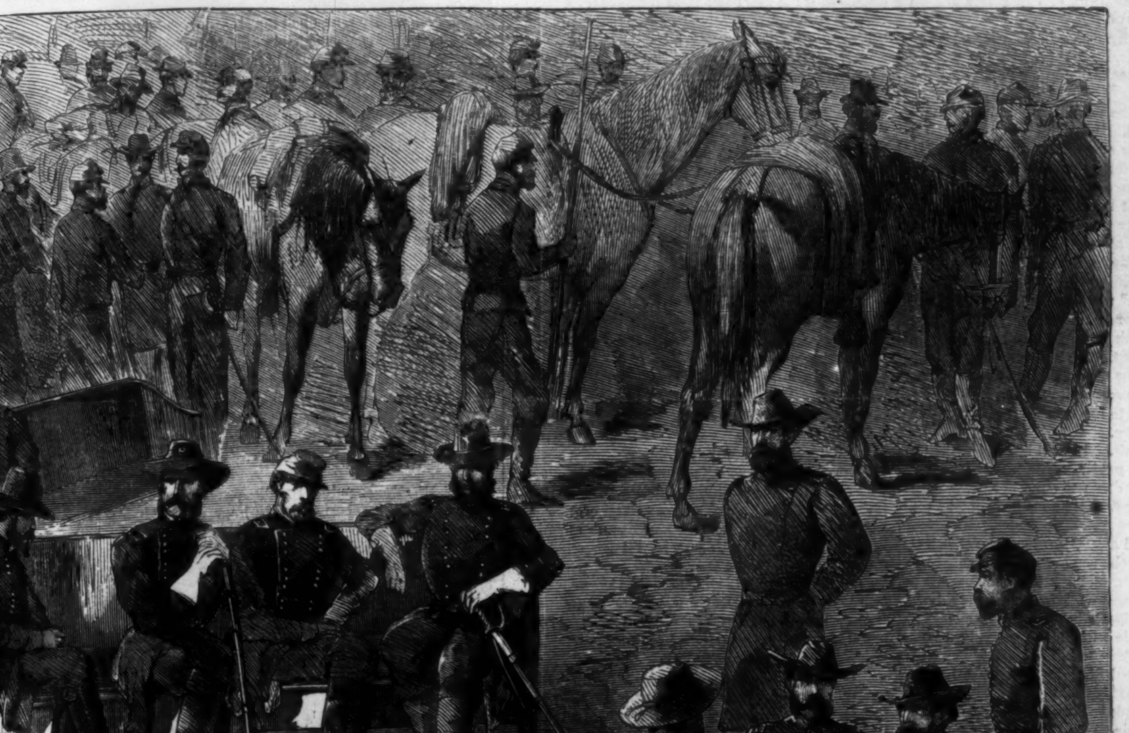
GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.—From Photog hs by



NG A MILITARY ROAD.

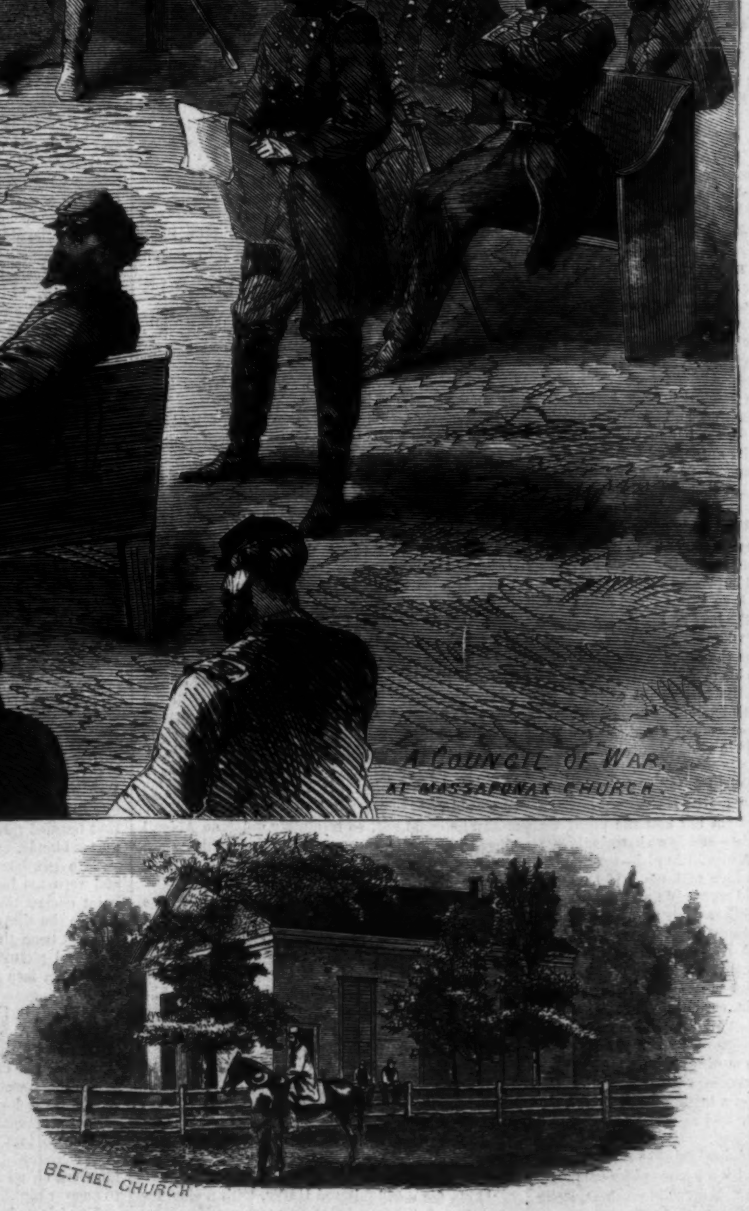


BURYING THE DEAD.

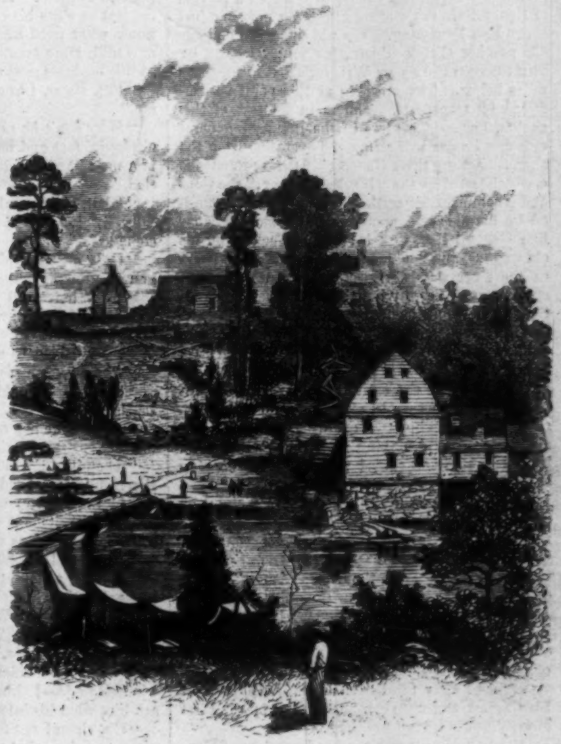


A COUNCIL OF WAR AT MASSAPONAX CHURCH.

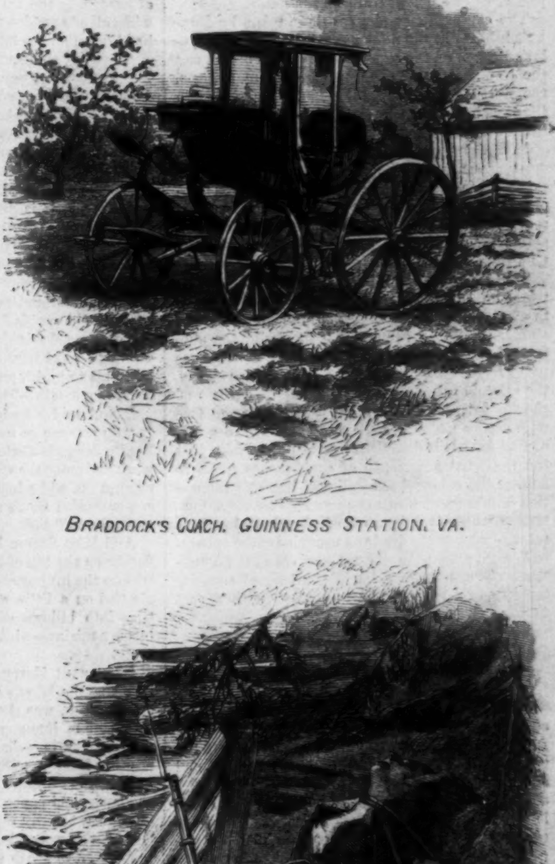
SOLDIERS.



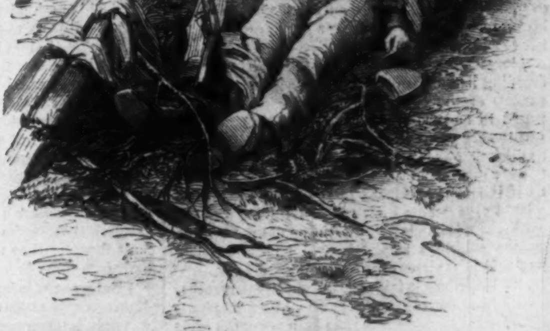
BETHEL CHURCH



JERICHO'S MILL AND PONTOON BRIDGE N. ANNA R



BRADDOCK'S COACH. GUINNESS STATION, VA.



DEAD REBEL SOLDIER. PINE FORREST 19 MAY.

hs by Gardner, Washington, District of Columbia.—[See Page 442.]

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

LAST week we presented before our readers a sketch of the pontoon bridge over which a portion of General GRANT'S army effected a crossing just above Fort Powhatan. We add this week on page 436 another sketch illustrating THE PASSAGE OF THE SECOND CORPS AT WILCOX'S LANDING, three miles below. The crossing at this point was effected by transports. The main interest of this sketch, however, centres in the group of general officers who are witnessing the operation from the shore. Among these General GRANT'S presence is easily detected by the "inevitable cigar:" the General is complacently resting in his saddle, surrounded by his aids and members of his staff. Near him General HANCOCK is seated, enfeebled by his old wounds, and unable to take the field; and nearer the river stands Inspector-General BARNARD, an old man with gray hairs, who has served in all the great Virginia campaigns.

Another sketch on page 437 represents THE LANDING OF CATTLE FOR THE USE OF THE ARMY. The transport is moored near the shore, the gangway opened, and the cattle then pushed out, falling one over another in all sorts of ludicrous positions, disappearing two or three at a time, but always rising and making their way to the shore. The bank is usually lined with soldiers whooping and shouting at the discomfort of the animals.

From these we turn to the series of pictures on pages 440 and 441, printed from photographs, and representing scenes of vivid interest connected with the progress of GRANT'S army from Spottsylvania Court House to the North Anna. In our description of these we follow the order of time.

The pictures of the CONFEDERATE DEAD carry us back to May 19th, when EWELL made his desperate attack on our right, but was repulsed with the loss of nearly two thousand men. These dead soldiers were found after the battle near Mrs. Alsop's, at Pine Forest, and were carefully buried by the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery.

BEVERLY HOUSE was the head-quarters of General WARREN on May 19, and BETHEL CHURCH of General BURNSIDE, May 21.

If we turn now to the central picture of the series we find seated before us the officers of the army holding a COUNCIL OF WAR AT MASSAPONAX CHURCH, on the 21st of May, the army being now fairly on its way southeastwardly from its former position. General GRANT is sitting on a bench at the right, with his back to the tree, smoking.

BRADDOCK'S COACH represents a relic of the past century found at Guinea's Station.

The captured rifle-pits are those taken by BERRY'S brigade in the fight near Chesterfield or Taylor's Bridge, on the North Anna. This bridge and the Jericho are those over which our forces crossed the North Anna. Federal soldiers are sitting in the trenches. The REBEL REDOUBT is a work captured by our forces in the same neighborhood.

In addition to the above there are other pictures: one representing our engineers constructing a military road to Jericho Mills, on the North Anna; another giving a view of these mills as seen from the south side, with a canvas pontoon bridge thrown across the river; and a third giving a view of QUARLES MILL.

These pictures are all printed from photog[illegible]s taken on the field by GARDNER, of Wash[illegible]on, to whom our readers are already indebted [illegible] other similar favors. Of course it is impossi[illegible] or photography to lie, and we may therefore [illegible]rd these portraitures as faithful to the minu[illegible] feature of the original scene. By the pictur[illegible]ere given of the Confederate dead we are bro[illegible]t face to face with scenes which are the daily incident of a soldier's life. It is doubtless true of both armies that the continual recurrence of such scenes tends to harden the soldiers' sensibilities; but this induration is in a great measure prevented by the ministration which is daily so tenderly given by these same soldiers to the dead and wounded of the enemy.

We give on page 437 a VIEW ON THE PAMUNKEY. This river was lately the base of supplies for GRANT'S army, and was covered with a vast flotilla of transports.

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

"CRYING again, Maggie? Why what on earth ails the child?"

Miss Semantha West had just come in from the garden with a basket of freshly-gathered pease, and a mammoth sun-bonnet swinging from her arm, instead of being tied decorously under her chin, as it is the nature of sun-bonnets to be. She was one of those women from whom one instinctively receives the impression that they ought to have been born men—a tall, raw-boned female, with a step like a grenadier, a bass voice, and a very perceptible mustache bristling upon her upper lip. Moreover, Miss Semantha was an old maid—probably because no gentleman had ever yet mustered courage to address her matrimonially.

Altogether different was the slender girl who was drooping listlessly over a bit of needle-work in the shadow of the morning-glories, whose blue cups tossed to and fro at the window. Maggie West was twenty years younger than her tall sister, and as dissimilar as is a blush rose from a stalwart sunflower: gentle and shrinking, with hair that looked as if it had been dipped in sunshine; and large, wistful eyes, whose brown light trembled like the waters of a brimming spring. She did not look up at the spinster's resolutely-propounded question, but only bent closer over her work.

"*I* know how it is!" exclaimed Miss Semantha, setting down her basket of pease with an emphasis that sent the silver-green pods flying over the table in all directions. "You're just a-pinin' your life away arter that good-for-nothin', shilly-shallyin' feller, Harry Winder. *That's* what's you're a-doin'!"

"Semantha!" pleaded Maggie, shrinking back among the morning-glories.

"Don't tell *me!*" ejaculated Miss Semantha, clasping her hands behind her back, man-fashion, and striding up and down the room, while her gray eyes flashed grim determination. "I know how matters is goin'. He's playin' with you, off and on, jest as suits his convenience. And I'd like to know what good sage tea, and tansy drinks, and new milk afore breakfast's goin' to do you, as long as this business goes on?"

"But, sister, I know—that is, I think—he loves me."

"Why don't he say so, then, like a man, instead o' playin' fast and loose? 'Twa'n't so in my day. If a man liked a gal he said so, and they got married."

"Wait, sister—only wait," urged Maggie, tearfully. "It's only a little while since he began to come here."

"Only a little while, eh? It's time enough for you to grow as white as a sheet and as thin as a shad! Where's all your color, I'd like to know? The truth is, Maggie, a man has no business to steal a gal's heart away with his fine talk, and his poetry, and his gay uniform, and then toss it from him like a broken plaything."

Maggie West shuddered as if her sister's hand had touched a raw nerve.

"Perhaps he has not made up his mind yet," she faltered.

"Then it's high time he had," said Miss Semantha, nodding her head. "I wish I was a man! I'd call him out afore you could say Jack Robinson, if he was a Lieutenant forty times over, and strutted about with twice as many shoulder-straps stickin' to him! And I don't know but what I will, as it is," added the doughty maiden, glancing toward a rusty rifle that hung above the clock, sole relic of the departed Squire West's Revolutionary days.

"Semantha!"

"For of all things," went on Semantha, "I hate a male coquette, officer or no officer. I'll tell you what, Maggie—I think it would be a good thing to ask him what his intentions is!"

"Oh, sister! not for the world! Promise me—*please* promise—that you won't!"

And Maggie clung to her masculine sister with a face of piteous entreaty.

"Well, then, I won't. But I'll be even with him some way—see if I'm not!"

Miss Semantha sat down to shell her pease with an iron resolve in her face that made poor Maggie tremble.

Ten minutes passed away, measured by the slow ticking of the clock, the ripple of yellow sunshine along the kitchen floor, and the monotonous rattle of pease into the tin pan on Miss Semantha's lap; when all of a sudden that lady brought her clenched hand down on the table with startling emphasis.

"I've got an idea!"

"An idea!" repeated Maggie, somewhat bewildered. "Tell me what it is!"

Miss Semantha shook her head inexorably.

"Look here, Maggie; who should you say was the six humbliest gals in the village—not countin' me?"

Maggie burst out laughing at the abrupt question. "Desire Jones is one, I should say; and Mercy Griggs, and Mary Ann Patterson—"

"Well?" said Miss Semantha, counting the candidates on her fingers.

"And Juliet Smith, and Faithful Skirving, and Jane Abigail Sanders!"

"All old maids," commented Miss Semantha, "and all good friends o' mine, except Faithful, and we don't want her. Maggie, I'm goin' to ask 'em all to tea to-night, and 'tain't likely you'll be interested in our talk—"

"No," said Maggie, absently.

"So you can go over and spend the evening with Squire Jessup's darters. And now you jest go to work and make the nicest strawberry short-cake you can get up, and a loaf of 'Lection-cake, and a lot o' cup custards; that's a good gal, and I won't ask no more o' *you!*"

And Miss Semantha perched her sun-bonnet defiantly on the top of her head, and strode off to distribute the invitations for the banquet, while Maggie tied on a little white apron, and began to beat eggs into billows of snowy foam, and cull over bloomy raisins—while her thoughts, alas! were far away.

Lieutenant Harry Winder, happily unconscious of Semantha West's very unfavorable opinion concerning him, was sitting in the law-office, which—by virtue of innumerable printed bills and several yards of bunting—had been transformed into a Recruiting Station, with the legs of his chair inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees, and his feet among the books and papers on the table, while his hands were thrust cozily into his pockets.

And this was what the Lieutenant called "being driven to death with business."

As he shifted his feet among the *débris* on the table a bit of faded blue ribbon fluttered to the floor.

"Ah!" quoth Lieutenant Winder, following its descent with his eye, "pretty Maggie's souvenir! Let me see—I stole it from her hair the night we walked in the moonlight—and how charmingly she blushed, to be sure! A nice little girl—very; pity she's so desperately in love with me. If I were a marrying man, I should certainly find pretty Maggie dangerous; but a fellow don't want to entangle himself at eight-and-twenty. The worst of the business is," pondered Harry, stroking his mustache complacently, "that you can't flirt with a girl but she makes a serious matter of it, taking for granted that you're in earnest. That isn't *our* fault though; they must take the consequences of their own folly."

Lieutenant Winder's musings terminated in a prodigious yawn at this stage—a yawn whose length was only interrupted by a brisk knock at the door. He put down his feet, and assumed the air of a military hero at once.

"Come in!" he cried, beginning to rustle among his recruiting papers with a business like energy.

The door slowly opened, revealing a short, stout woman who might have seen forty-five summers—certainly no less—a woman who wore curl papers and a dingy green veil, and was attired in faded calico and a print shawl. Lieutenant Winder moved his chair a little back as she advanced upon him. There was something of the uncompromising in her aspect that rather intimidated him.

"Take a seat, ma'am," he said, blandly. "What can I do for you this morning?"

The female dropped into a chair, and regarded him fixedly.

"You don't know me?" she began.

"I have not that pleasure, ma'am," said the recruiting officer, with hypocritical politeness.

"I'm Mercy Griggs," said the lady.

Harry did not know what to say, so he remarked, "Ah, indeed!" and tried to look interested in the statement.

"I don't know how on airth I'm goin' to begin," simpered Miss Mercy, twisting the end of her lilac-bordered pocket handkerchief. "It's an awful ticklish sort o' thing to talk about!"

"Compose yourself, ma'am," said Harry, supposing he was about to become the confidant of the details of some desertion from his country's standard, or possibly the recipient of the awful fact of "bounty-jumping" among Miss Mercy's male relatives. "We soldiers are often called upon to discuss the most delicate points."

"Well, this 'en's powerful delicate," said Mercy, giggling spasmodically; "but I don't know as there's any use in beatin' about the bush. The fact is, Lieutenant Winder, I'm thinkin' about gettin' married!"

"Indeed!" said Harry, rather puzzled.

"I ain't young," admitted Mercy Griggs; "and I find it's awkward without no man around, to split kindlins, and bring water, and do such like odd jobs; and as it's Leap Year I thought a poor, lone woman might as well take advantage on't."

"Certainly," said Harry, assenting to the proposition, abstractly.

"Well, then, Lieutenant Winder, in plain English, will you hev me?"

"Have *you!*" repeated Harry, starting as if a bullet had struck him.

"Yes, or no—take me or leave me," said the lady, independently.

"*No*, ma'am, certainly not."

Miss Mercy Griggs rose up wrathfully.

"Then I'd like to know what you meant all these Sundays a-lookin' across to my brother Josiah's pew? D'ye s'pose a lone woman's affections is to be trifled with this way? I'll have the law o' you."

"*Will* you leave this office, ma'am?"

"Yes, I'll leave it. I won't stay here to be trampled on like the dust under your feet; but you'll hear from my brother Josiah afore long, and ye may just lay your calculations for *that!*"

Mercy Griggs slammed the door behind her, to the no small danger of hinge and latch, leaving Harry Winder wiping the cold dew from his forehead.

"Is the woman demented?" he at last muttered; "or—." A delicate tap at the door cut short his cogitations.

"Another female!" groaned Harry. "Walk in, ma'am. Miss Sanders, I believe."

Jane Abigail Sanders glided into the room with a languishing smile—a tall damsel with white eyebrows and eyelashes, flaxen hair, and a countenance deeply pitted with small-pox.

"You received my note this morning, Harry—I—I mean, Lieutenant Winder."

"Note! No—what note?"

"Dear, how embarrassing!" sighed Miss Sanders. "Must I then put its phrases into spoken words?"

"Well, I guess you'll have to," said Harry, beginning to feel desperate.

"Must I tell you," faltered Jane Abigail, fluttering her white eyelashes, "that depending on the propitious influences of the favoring season, I have determined to tell the love which has long consumed my heart?"

"N—no—I wouldn't—upon my word, Miss Sanders, I wouldn't," interposed Harry, beginning to blush and edge off.

"My own Harry!" sobbed Jane Abigail.

"Not by a long sight," ejaculated Lieutenant Winder, setting his teeth together. "Are the women all mad?"

"Do you then reject my love, cruel one?" shrieked the lady.

"Of course I do!" responded Harry, doggedly.

Jane Abigail Sanders uttered a little choking wail, looked Lieutenant Winder in the face appealingly, and then—went into hysterics.

"Here's a pretty affair," groaned Harry Winder, emptying his cologne-bottle over the fair one's flaxen tresses, and vainly essaying to lift her from the hearth-rug. "A woman fainting on the floor—and an uncommonly heavy one, too—and some wretch knocking as if he would beat the panels of the door in! *Don't* come in at present, please—I'm particularly engaged! If I could only drop this crazy old maid long enough to lock the door!"

But he could not, so resolutely did Jane Abigail cling to him, and consequently the door flew open with a sudden explosion, and in walked a third single woman.

"Get up, Jane Abigail Sanders!" ejaculated the new-comer, "and don't lie whimpering there! You've had your turn; now clear out and make room for the rest of us."

Jane Abigail uttered a feeble croak, to which Desire Jones paid no manner of attention. She was a ponderous woman, six feet high, and framed to correspond, with a Roman nose, and only one eye.

"You see, Lieutenant Winder," said Desire, familiarly taking him by the button, "there's six gals of us gettin' pretty well on in years, and so was a-thinkin' of betterin' ourselves, and men is awful scarce since the war began. The fact is, you're the only marriageable feller about town, and so we drawed lots for you!"

"Lots for me!" faltered Harry, with a singular sensation of no longer belonging to himself.

"Only Semanthy West and Juliet Smith said the lots wasn't fair, so we concluded to try you one arter t'other! Mercy and Jane Abigail hain't had no success, it seems, so what d'ye say to *me*, Harry Winder? I've got a good house and farm, and I'd be bound to support ye decent or I'd know the reason why! Come, speak out like a man!"

"This can't be a horrible dream!" thought the bewildered recruiting officer, "for the sun is shining there on the table, and the clock has just struck twelve; but it seems like one."

"Hey?" demanded Desire, inexorably urgent.

"I'm very much obliged to you, Miss Jones," said our hapless hero, wiping his dripping forehead; "but upon my word I can't—I really can't!"

"Oh, yes you can; you're only bashful!" coaxed the one-eyed siren. "There ain't no reason on airth why you and I shouldn't hit it off. Name the day, and make it as early as possible."

"You really must excuse me," pleaded Harry, nervously stepping backward, as the Roman nose towered nearer and nearer.

"But why not?" demanded Miss Jones, imperatively.

Harry mentally ransacked the store-houses of his giddy brain for some plausible excuse to assign to the gigantic wooer who was battering so determinedly at the citadel of his heart. Should he mention, casually, that he had recently been exposed to the small-pox? or that he was secretly married already, or—

The light of deliverance flashed across the chaos of his thoughts with instantaneous glimmer.

"Because, Miss Jones," he said, plucking up courage, "if I may mention it to you in confidence, I am already engaged."

"Engaged, eh?" repeated Miss Desire; "that alters the case. But who is the lady? I must have proof positive, or I don't give you up so easy as all this."

"Miss Maggie West holds my heart in her keeping," equivocated the hapless Lieutenant.

"Oh, well, that settles the matter, said Desire, coolly. "We ain't none of us the gals to get away little Maggy West's lover, only, you see, we s'posed you was in the market yet. But why couldn't you have said so at first? Come along, Jane Abigail; we must look up some other feller. This one's spoke for."

And Miss Jones pulled the disconsolate Jane Abigail through the doorway, only lingering to shout back,

"If there's any quarrel, or any thing, and you don't marry her, remember I'm to have the second chance!"

"Oh, there will be nothing of the sort!" asserted Harry, fervently.

"And I'm to tell Semanthy, and Juliet, and Mary Ann Patterson not to come, be I?"

"By all means, certainly!" reiterated the appalled recruiting officer.

No sooner had Desire's yellow muslin dress vanished through the portals than Lieutenant Winder locked, double locked, and bolted the door, and skillfully descended into the garden from his open back window.

"Mars and Minerva!" he muttered between his set teeth, as he dodged behind a cluster of gooseberry bushes and sneaked toward the high-road—"a man must be careful, if he don't want to be married before he knows it. And now for dear little Maggie."

"Harry!"

She was sewing, in the cool morning-glory shadows, the sunny hair twisted back with blue ribbons. And as she looked up she read something in his eye that sent the blood to her cheeks with a sudden, joyous leap.

"Yes, dearest," he said, taking the unresisting hand in his, "I have come to ask you to marry me!"

It was not until they had been married some days that Lieutenant Winder gave his wife rather an exaggerated account of the raid that had been made upon his office by the believers in Leap-Year privileges.

"Harry," she said, with downcast eyes and burning cheeks, "do you know that I fancy Semantha must have had something to do with that affair? I think it was an expedient of hers to—to cure you of flirting with poor little me."

Harry bit his lip, but his momentary chagrin was succeeded by hearty self-congratulation.

"I don't care whose expedient it was," he said, gallantly pressing his lips to Maggie's velvet smooth palm, "as long as it has gained me the sweetest little wife in America."

And the six old maids rejoiced in chorus over the success of their stratagem, with Brigadier-General Semantha West at their head.

HOW MISS AVOYELLES KEPT HER PROMISE.

I.

SHE stood on the piazza waiting for her carriage. Fair hair flew out like gold mist from under her gay little hat, and the pale-pink bloom of the face that beamed through the gold mist hair was of the purest blonde.

Two gentlemen walking up and down passed and repassed her, noting her with a gentleman's quiet observation, from the gold gleam of her eyelash to the slim foot that beat in time to impatient thought beneath a ruffled petticoat. She made a beautiful picture. The younger man, looking at her, broke into the politics of the elder with the question,

"Who is it, Hendrick?"

"A Miss Avoyelles, from Louisiana."

"From Louisiana? Her name might suggest it, but not her coloring. How fair she is!"

The elder went on talking. He was old enough to look at a lovely face and never lose the thread of his dryest thought. The younger was yet young enough to lose more than his dryest thought in such contemplation. And now, while his companion went on with his argument, he forgot entirely to answer him.

Hendrick glanced at him and saw how it was. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" And then he laughed.

"Garry, how many times this summer have you served me just this shabby trick for a girl's pink and white? Ah, Garry, Garry, which is it—the head or the heart—that is so soft?"

Garry King, who usually laughed with the laugh against him at his sudden fervors of admiration, at this moment gnawed his lip a little uneasily. He could hardly have told why himself. Hendrick went on lightly chaffing him in his accustomed manner, to which the young fellow at last replied, in some haste:

"But, Hendrick, this is really an uncommon face. If I should find myself in the presence of a statue or a picture with such divine loveliness I should feel hushed into silence; at least I couldn't go on talking politics in the face of it. How much, then, may I be allowed to feel in the presence of the human reality?"

Hendrick, passing, looked again at this lauded loveliness. For the life of him he could only see a very pretty girl with fair hair, who stood beating her foot impatiently as she waited. Just at this moment the carriage for which she waited swept up the drive. She ran down the steps of the piazza, gave a critical glance at the turn-out before she entered—it was a dainty little pony-phaeton—and gathered up the reins with a practiced hand. But the high-stepping, mettlesome pony pulled at the bridle uneasily. She turned his head with a quick motion of her wrist, and he sprang forward with a bound, then began backing and writhing his neck—a slim, arched neck, with a beautiful black mane, tossing. The groom came running toward her, with an alarmed face, at this juncture.

"Go away!" she said, sharply, never moving her eyes from the pony. Thus ordered, the man moved off, but still with an alarmed expression.

"He'll kick right over the dasher, sure, if she tries to manage him that way!" he exclaimed to the two gentlemen who had stopped their walk at this symptom of insubordination and danger.

The delicate face of the lady was pale, not with fear but determination. Once, twice, and thrice, she essayed, with a firm tight pressure upon the reins, and a low, sweet-toned call upon his name, to conquer. She might have succeeded, but a glimpse of the scarlet whip waved over his ears added a new element of fear and unmanageableness, and the next moment he was raising his hind feet with an ominous movement—the next moment he would have kicked "right over the dasher, sure," if Garry King had not leaped down the steps and seized the bridle, holding him with an iron grasp close at the mouth. Miss Avoyelles by this time perceived her danger, and sprang out, not forgetting even then a proper "Thank you," though she did not cast a glance at Garry himself. "He never has behaved like this before: I don't understand," she said, regretfully. The groom here approached.

"It's thim blinders, Miss; he wants the blinders you see, for he ain't used to bein' widout 'em. I thought whin you told me to leave 'em that 'twould make him onaisy, he's sich a frisky little craythur."

She nodded her head in acquiescence, and went on talking, sometimes in a soft coaxing way to the animal, and sometimes asking questions of Garry, never thinking of casting a look at him, so absorbed was she in the pony. In a little while, however, under her magnetism of touch and voice, the "frisky little craythur" became quiet, and turned his head to her caress. It was then for the first time she glanced up into the young man's face. She did not remove her eyes at once, but thanking him anew with more fervor in her tones, she seemed suddenly pleased and interested and surprised. As they stood thus the pony was now in danger of being forgotten, but the voice of the groom recalled her.

"Are yez goin' to thry him again, Miss?"

She answered by putting her foot upon the low phaeton floor. King bent eagerly forward.

"But do you think it quite safe?" he asked, anxiously.

"Quite, oh yes, thank you;" and again she met his earnest eyes, and the color began to come back into her cheeks. He lifted his hat as she drove off, and, as far as he could see, watched the little turn-out and its occupant with anxious looks. But the red whip was out of Selim's sight, and he trolled along in good order, under the fearless guidance of Miss Avoyelles.

It was quite early in the morning that all this occurred, so there were few people about to witness the scene, to King's relief, who had suddenly grown so sensitive; but Hendrick was there with his laugh and his chaffing. He came up smiling gayly as the phaeton disappeared down the avenue.

"I say, King," he began, in a mock confidential tone, "did you throw a stone at that pony's eye, or do some other mischievous thing as he came up; it's turned out famously, I must say."

King answered good-humoredly, but there was effort in it; and Hendrick at last thought—he had the grace not to say—"I declare I believe the fellow's actually struck!"

II.

"THERE she is now."

"Who?"

"Grace Avoyelles." And the first speaker flung down his morning paper and ran out to meet her.

A chorus of feminine voices welcomed her.

"We were talking about you, Grace; angels unawares, you know."

"Is this a P. P. C., Grace?" said another.

"A P. P. C.?" wonderingly.

"Why, didn't you say last night that you thought Newport very, very dull this summer, and that you were going to the mountains with the Wills?"

She remembered, and answered, frankly,

"I really had forgotten. Last night it did seem dull; but to-day the sun shines so brightly, and there seems to be a great many more people here."

She really thought so, though she had scarcely met a soul on her drive.

"Any new arrivals at the hotel?" questioned one upon this.

"Yes, I think the house is filling up."

And she had breakfasted in solitary state!

And when she went back, there upon the piazza still walked Garry King, quite alone now; and I suppose she thought the lonesome colonnade most satisfactorily occupied. He ran down at her approach, for there wasn't a servant within view, and at sight of him a pretty blush flushed into her cheeks. It was entirely out of the way, I know, for a stranger who had never been formally presented to thus offer his services; but there was that impatient Selim prancing and pawing, and what was to be done? To be sure, he might have summoned one of those idle bell-boys, who were playing pitch-and-toss within hearing, but he didn't; and the impulse that prompted him to go himself was certainly not taken amiss by Miss Avoyelles, for she spoke laughingly of her adventure, thanked him again; and then they discovered that they had some mutual friends, and at once they seemed like old acquaintances, and she knew that his name was Garry King.

"That's what I call quick work," said Hendrick to himself, observant from his window.

You laugh, John Hendrick, but there are some wounds that are deep and lasting, though swift as thought. You do not believe this now as you sit there and smile over this adventure of Garry King's, but you will believe it. Garry himself could not have explained at that time why it was that he felt annoyed at Hendrick's chaffing, or why he had never felt annoyed before. He found out sooner than Hendrick, however. Perhaps the knowledge came to him as, a few mornings after, he stood in the door of the hotel and saw Miss Avoyelles come driving up the avenue with young Van Veet. Yes, it was the old, old story—the story that poets and romancers have sung and told for ages. But looking at young Van Veet, there came more than the throb of jealousy which discovered his heart. There came the suggestion of how wide apart they were. It was for such men as Van Veet to win this delicate and costly rose; not for him, poor and undistinguished. But then a turn of the carriage, and he saw her eyes light, her color bloom. What if—Well, what then? Poor and undistinguished, was he not too proud to become a pensioner upon a rich woman's bounty? And going in, away from the sight of such danger, he thought:

"What am I, that I should love her,
Save for feeling of the pain?"

Garry King was known as a young man of the world, gay, easy tempered, and easy living; and if you had told John Hendrick that he entertained this unworldly, romantic sentiment of pride, John would have scouted the intimation as the veriest nonsense, and have roared with laughter at the idea.

"What, Garry King, the gay beggar, letting a fortune slip past him for that hifalutin notion!" he would have said. "Garry has too much sense."

This was John Hendrick's estimate; and these were John Hendrick's sentiments.

But it was the flavor of true nobility in Garry King that made this possible: a deep, sweet vein of unusual manliness, that now and then shone through—in some finer action than was common—a character that was ordinarily accepted as not beyond the average.

It was this *noblesse obligé*, in a finer and truer sense than is often seen, that kept him silent in the days that followed.

He walked with her on those delightful cliffs, in sight and sound of the beguiling sea, the music of whose waves seem full of fond and yearning voices. He strolled with her through those lovely lanes—"green English lanes," somebody had called them; or he took long morning drives beside her, when they loitered by the way, and talked of all things under the sun that young people talk of. All things save one. Garry King never spoke of his love, though many a man with no more vanity would have gathered hope and courage from that beaming face that lighted at his coming.

The old, old story, and with Grace Avoyelles as well.

Lifting her eyes that morning, upon the piazza, from the unruly Selim to the unknown face, she did not know that she had met her fate. She only knew then that there was something that pleased her in the face. But "she looked at him as one who awakes." The past was a sleep, and her life began. And something the friends about them saw of all this.

"It will be a match," said Hendrick, between whiffs of his pipe.

And young Van Veet scowled and sneered in answer, "that it was a fine thing for King, certainly."

And still the days went on, and the *dénouement* for which they waited did not come. And still the days went on, to the last—the very last full upon September; and they met upon "the yellow sands" that morning for the last time before parting. The tide was coming in, and as Miss Avoyelles came running down from her bathing-house, her gold-mist hair spreading out like a pennon, and her white feet twinkling, she met Garry King *en costume*. He held out his hand. They had not met since the day before yesterday, which was a matter of wonder in these last days.

"Shall I go in with you?" he said; and there was something sad and inscrutable in his eyes as he said it.

They went in together, and between the breaking of the waves there were scraps of conversation.

"Shall you come to Newport next year?" he asked.

"Next year?—who knows what will happen by next year?" and she gave a little start, which ended in a laugh.

"But in the mean time you will be leading a gay life, Miss Avoyelles: you will not wish for Newport."

"In the mean time? Well, I dare say. And you, Mr. King, what do you propose to do with your time in a whole year?"

"I am going to put it to some better use than I ever have before."

"Eh? what?"

"I am going to throw up my appointment and have done with clerkships. I am going to join my uncle in New York, and buy cotton and sell it, Miss Avoyelles," he replied, rather vehemently.

She looked at him in amaze. What did she know about clerkships, about buying and selling cotton? What ailed him to talk in this way to her?

He caught the puzzled look. "I am going to try my hand at making a fortune," he said, smiling, still with that inscrutable pain in his eyes. "I am a poor man, you know, not a brilliant cavalier—a young don, like Howard Van Veet."

What did she know of poverty and the bitterness that it brought to him? Nothing. She had never felt it; she had never known the worth of money. Pondering confusedly upon what he meant, she said, as one follows without knowledge the lead of conversation,

"What will you do? Send out agents? Don't they call them cotton factors? When I am down at Avoyelles I hear now and then a word about it; but I have so little interest in such things; my uncle, who is my guardian, looks out for every thing. We have miles and miles of cotton-fields."

She spoke innocently, but he felt miles and miles away from her as she spoke, separated by those waving cotton-fields.

"Suppose I am my own agent, my own factor, and come bargaining to your doors at Avoyelles; will you welcome me?" he asked, with a bitterness that could not be overlooked.

She fixed a glance of indignation upon him.

"However and whenever you may come to my doors, Mr. King, you will be welcomed. It is not the fashion, and never has been, at Avoyelles, to refuse hospitality."

She understood enough to make her indignant, not enough to make her lenient. As she answered thus a great wave came breaking over them. When it rolled away she shivered and turned shoreward. He followed, filled with a dreary sense of reproach. As he saw her a few moments after, looking cold, stately, and pale, in the carriage, he felt half ashamed of his vehemence, and going up, said, smiling, as if all along he had only been in jest:

"You will not forget your promise, Miss Avoyelles?"

But Miss Avoyelles was not so easily turned from an impression. She bowed gravely, not angrily, and answered as gravely, and with meaning:

"I never forget promises, Mr. King, nor those whom I have once considered friends."

And this was the last, the very last. He saw her glittering hair, glistening with the sea-bath, streaming like a royal mane as she rode away. And that night, when he called for a final good-by, it was to find her in the midst of a gay group, to whom she dispensed impartial smiles. The very last, and the end of all that charmed summer.

It was the summer of 1860. We all know how every thing wore a different aspect in the summer of 1861; how many summer plans were frustrated, and summer stories left untold. Miss Avoyelles did not find her way to Newport that season, and Garry King had more stirring work to do than to ride in pony phaetons, or bathe with some sea-nymph in the surf, or even to buy and sell cotton in the New York markets. Garry King by this time had enrolled himself in the service of his country.

III.

"AND Miss Avoyelles?"

"Miss Avoyelles is stanch as steel."

"Who is talking about Miss Avoyelles?" and a figure in a mist of lace and gold hair swung round a column wreathed with oleander.

"Oh, Mr. Le Compte! What were you saying about me?"

"That you were as stanch as steel."

"Does Major Gerritt doubt it?" Major Gerritt made gallant protestations to the contrary.

"But why then does Mr. Le Compte need to say that Miss Avoyelles is stanch as steel? What have you been talking about? I insist upon knowing," said Miss Avoyelles, laughing.

They moved farther down the veranda, away from the few other guests, and there told her of what they had been talking.

It was a worthy rebel plot certainly. A plot carefully matured to lure a party of Federals up the river on false pretenses. Fair pretenses they seemed.

A traitor holds out the inducement that a loyal planter in the vicinity of Avoyelles is desirous of disposing of his cotton at certain prices. This arch negotiator is trusted and relied upon in the matter, because he has been trusted and relied upon in other matters connected with the Federal cause, and proved trust-worthy in those matters.

How could they know that love of gain would in some evil hour make him the tool of their enemies? That he could lend himself to so dark a plan as this betrayal, who had done them good service with honest deeds before?

It was very simple. A boat sent up the river with a sufficient party to protect them from annoyance—for without this treachery there had been only possible annoyance, no danger; for all along by this vicinity every thing was quiet and undisturbed at the time by any rebel occupation. The house of Miss Avoyelles was the nearest and most convenient spot of surprise. Without her knowledge, but with no doubt of her co-operation, they had appointed it as a rendezvous. If the officers in charge of the business arrived before them and inquired for the agent, who was to make and receive all arrangements, she was now asked at this late day—but with that imperious effrontery which distinguishes the chivalry on occasions—to receive these officers as her guests, and detain them with some excuse of the temporary absence of the agent until a given hour, when her rebel friends would arrive in force and relieve her from this imposed society.

Grace Avoyelles was born and bred a Southerner. She was at this point a rebel, as a thousand other Southern women are, by association instead of deliberate choice. She listened to this story and gathered the bare facts stated above, though it was by no means presented to her so harshly, but glozed over with a high-colored exaggeration of the truth.

She listened, and seemed fully to enter into the scheme; but after, when alone, her whole bearing changed, and the indignation and horror that she had felt manifested itself in every expression of her mobile face.

"Never," she ejaculated, "will I lend myself to such hideous betrayal! I should feel forever dishonored."

But what to do? Her only hope lay in the Federal's earlier arrival than their enemy. It was now near midnight. They might arrive in the early morning, but were not looked for until later. All through that night she waked, lest she should sleep at their coming. What hours they were!

The early sunlight shows what a change two years have made in Grace Avoyelles. The beautiful girl has become a self-reliant woman, and you see on her face some process of the change; it is the shadow of loss. Perhaps she is thinking of this herself, of what she missed on a summer two years ago; for her eyes have ceased to follow the dark line of water so anxiously, and something lulls her into a dream. A dream from which she awakes with every nerve quivering, every sense alert. They have come, these betrayed men, for whom she waits. Thank Heaven it is not too late, they may be saved. They come up the broad avenue confidently in the early morning sunshine. Gay young officers in their dark uniforms, and in the prime of their youth. And just at the foot of the garden there streams the stars and stripes from their little vessel, the whole a fine prize indeed for their enemies.

Miss Avoyelles goes out upon the veranda to meet them, stately and composed; but as the foremost officer lifts his cap all the blood in her veins seems to flow in a swift current to her face.

"Mr. King!"

"Miss Avoyelles!" and Major King hangs out the same red signal of distress.

His companions, who observed this a few paces back, thought, smiling, "So King finds an old flame here. This is the reason why he was so anxious to be sent."

A moment of pause, and Miss Avoyelles holds out her hand. "Mr. King, I keep my promise and welcome you to Avoyelles."

She smiled as she spoke, but there was deadly faintness at her heart. What if after all they were too late? What if—but there was no time for mere thought, there must be action.

"Gentlemen," she said, still letting her hand lie in King's, but looking at them all, "gentlemen, you have been betrayed!"

Her few rapid words that followed placed them in possession of the plot.

"You will have time to escape," she went on, breathlessly, "if you do not delay. Go at once, I beseech you: I have waked all night that I might not oversleep the moment of your coming." Major King had regained his self-possession.

"Escape!" he exclaimed; "we will not run from these traitors. Forwarned like this, we can take them in their own toils."

A little cheer arose from his companions. Miss Avoyelles grew pale with consternation.

"You will be overpowered!" she cried, in dismay.

But King had knowledge of the country. He knew that the force sent down from the upper part of the State could at that time be only a limited number, such as he was quite ready to risk meeting if on guard and under arms. Of this he assured her. The events followed each other so rapidly she had scarcely time to define her position. A Confederate, where were her sympathies now? Passively she would have endured much, passively she would have lent herself to their cause, thinking that her whole belief was with them perhaps. But a mine had exploded at her feet. In the yawning gulf she got a glimpse of the truth. But these thoughts scarcely resolved themselves into order until afterward. It was enough for the moment to know that those who were to have been foully betrayed were now ready to meet their betrayers.

Stealthily they came through the woods—a small force, as King had predicted, but amply sufficient to have done their vile work if they had arrived upon an unprepared party. Miss Avoyelles heard their shout of rage and defiance as they entered the avenue and discovered that they were surrounded. She heard shots fired, and wild tones mingling, and one great fear was at her heart. Was *he* killed? Not one was killed. So wisely had King disposed his force, so unawares the foe, and so surprised to find themselves in the presence of so large a party, that it was almost a bloodless victory. They would return to New Orleans with a more valuable cargo than cotton. But Miss Avoyelles—she who had placed victory in their hands? King forgot the two years as he entered the room where she stood.

"We owe you this," he said; "but do you know all that it has brought upon you? You can not stay here in safety. One has escaped who will tell the story—and you are suspected!"

She looked bewildered. "What? I have no safer place of refuge than Avoyelles. I have no other home now. All my estates at New Orleans have been confiscated. Where shall I go?"

"Grace, dear Grace! will you not come with me? I was too proud to speak when you were so prosperous; but I loved you, Grace; I have loved you since that first hour I met you. Will you go with me, Grace?"

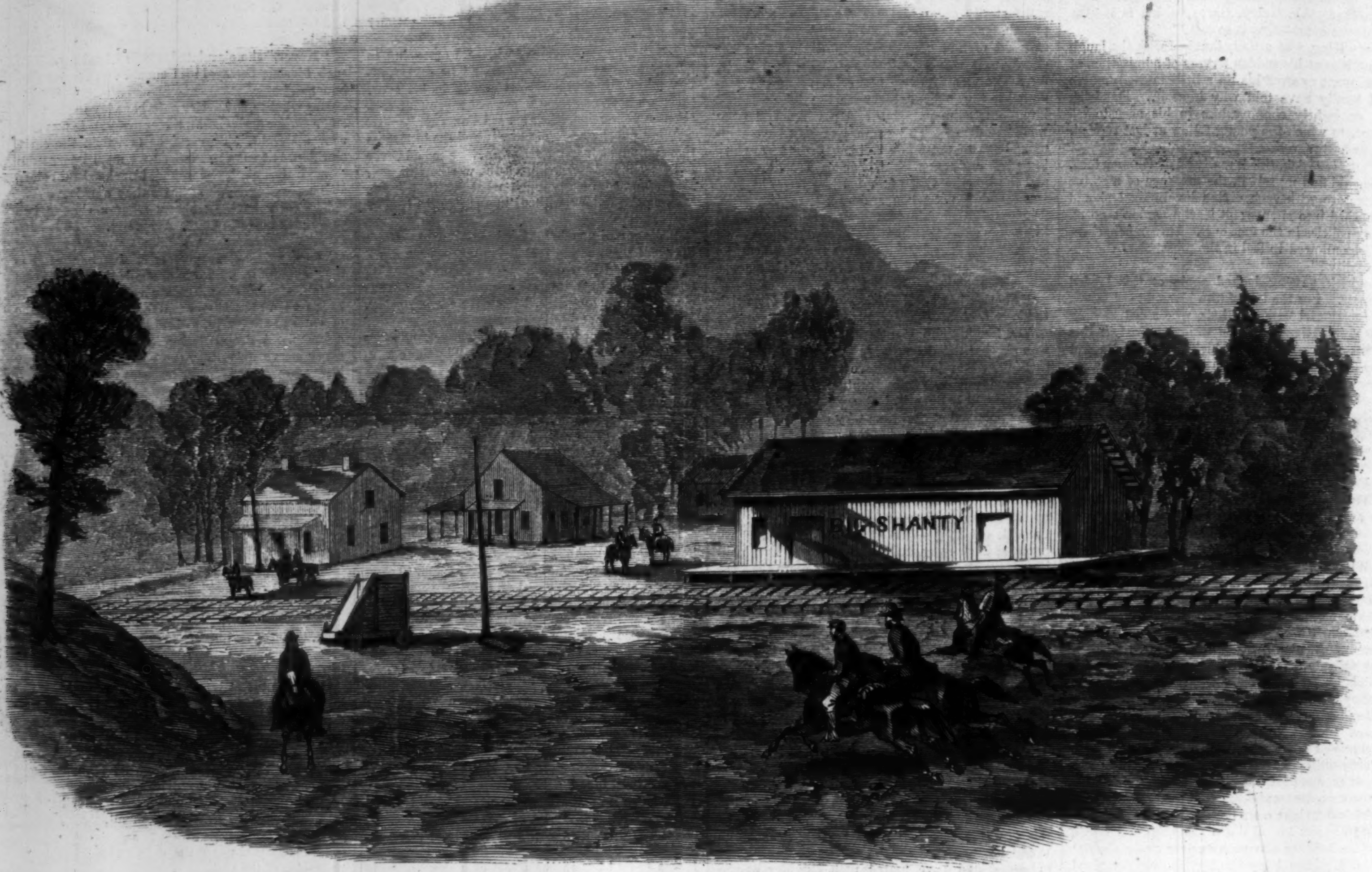
So he had loved her.

They had both kept this silent faith for two years.

She put out her hand, and half a smile dawned.

"I have kept my promise of welcome, and I will keep my faith," she said.

She took her faithful servants with her, but the mansion of Avoyelles was left to desolation, perhaps destruction. Afterward, when its mistress espoused Major King, she was quite ready to espouse the cause for which he fought. Little by little the evidences of the corruption of secession had come to her. The last unholy plot rent the veil thoroughly from her eyes. Not for her lover's sake—for she was strong enough to become a martyr for a principle—but for conviction, did Grace Avoyelles espouse his cause.

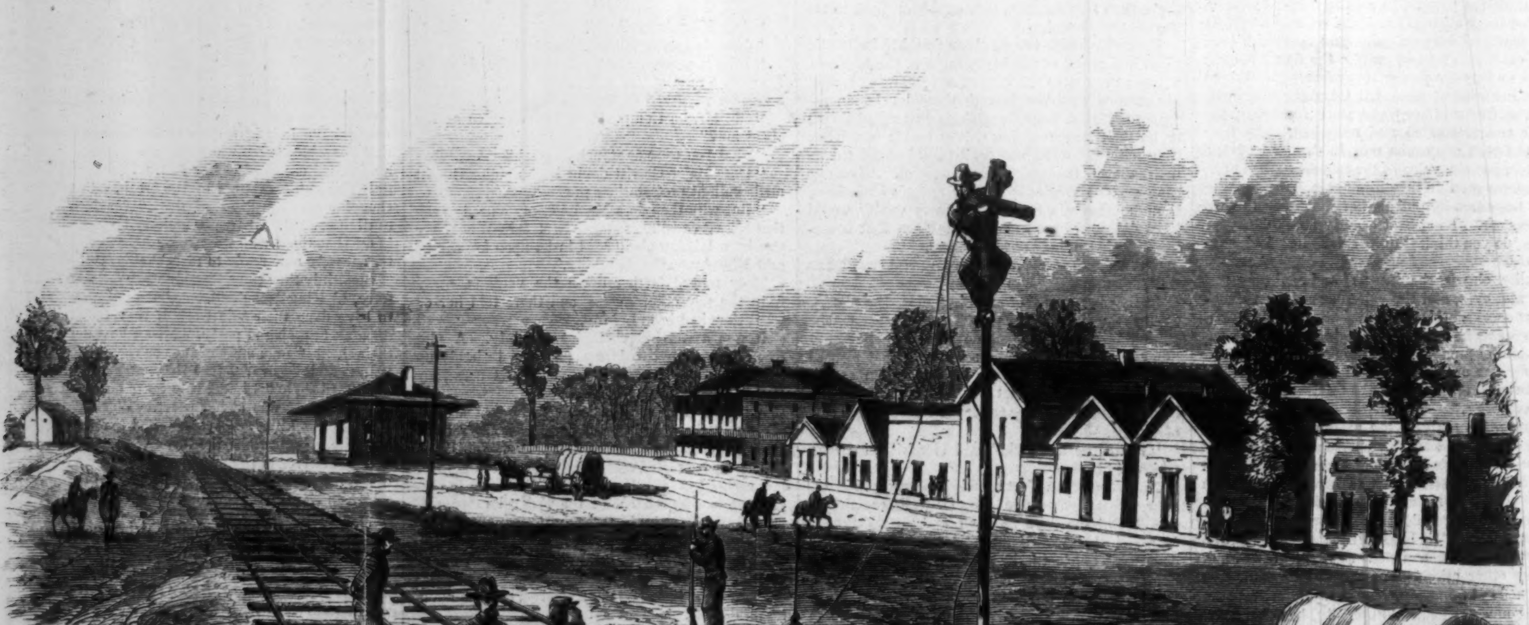


GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—"BIG SHANTY STATION"—GENERAL LOGAN'S ADVANCE, June 10, 1864.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

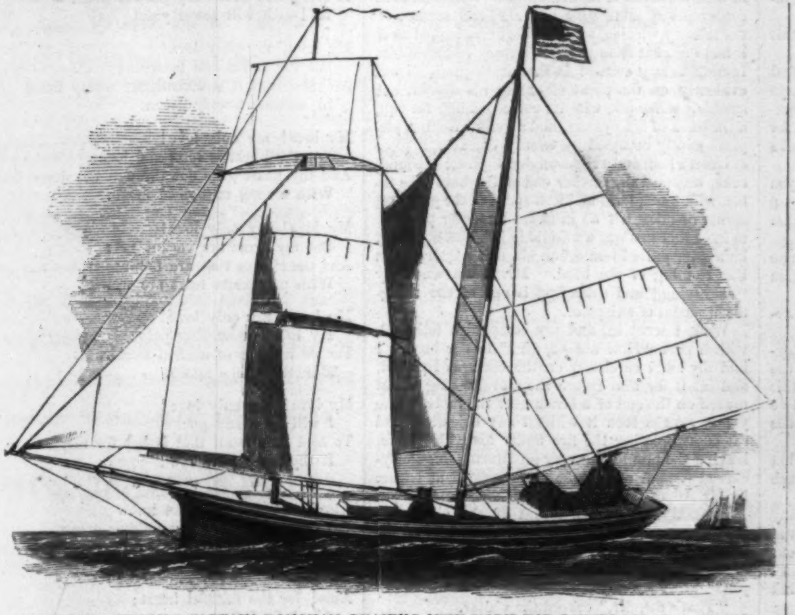
GEN. SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

The Military Telegraph of the Army of the Cumberland, which we illustrate below, and which is under the command of Captain Van Duzer, has proved an invaluable acquisition to General Sherman and to the North. We have by this means been in daily receipt of news from our armies in the West. Captain Van Duzer surprised General Sherman shortly after he had occupied Ackworth by the information that the wires were working, and Washington was but one hour distant. The town of Ackworth is small, few of its inhabitants being at this time in it, since every man has been taken off by the army, and the female portion of the inhabitants were timid about remaining. Ackworth is on the Western and Atlantic Railroad, a few miles northwest of Marietta. Sherman reached this point on the 6th of June.

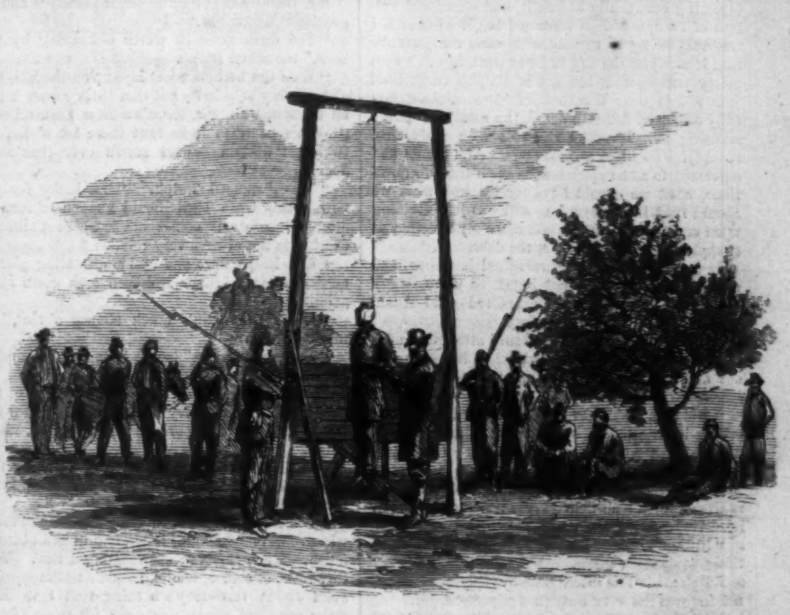
"Big Shanty," also illustrated on this page, although dull enough in ordinary times, is likely for some days to come, as the resting-place of Sherman's army, to present scenes of the intensest activity. In front of the place, along the range of Lost and Kenesaw mountains, the enemy lies in force, until the combination of the Federal commander and the prowess of the Union army shall compel him to take another step southward.


U.S.MIL. TELEGRAPH.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—MILITARY TELEGRAPH TO ACKWORTH, GEORGIA.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]



THE BRIG "VISION," CAPTAIN DONOVAN, LEAVING NEW YORK FOR LIVERPOOL, June 26, 1864.



EXECUTION OF THE NEGRO WILLIAM JOHNSON, AT PETERSBURG, VA.—[Photographed by Brady.]

GONE TO SEA.

We give above an illustration representing the brig *Vision*, which sailed on Sunday, June 26, from the Battery direct for Liverpool. Probably no vessel ever ventured to breast the Atlantic under circumstances so novel and impressive. This little brig is only fifteen feet long and four and a half feet wide, and has only a depth of two feet and ten inches. Her crew consisted of Captain John C. Donovan, who owns the vessel, a Rhode Island sailor, and the Captain's dog Toby. The *Vision* was to have started on Saturday, but was delayed; she is expected to make her trip in two months. Notwithstanding the heat on Sunday, a large number of people crowded the Battery to witness her departure on this most romantic voyage. The brig sailed out in gallant style, carrying the stars and stripes.

GENERAL LONGSTREET.

In our last *Weekly* was engraved a portrait of General Lee, and in this we give that of General Longstreet, who is perhaps, since the death of Stonewall Jackson, second only to Lee in the military reputation he has achieved by the campaigns between Washington and Richmond during the last three years. General James Longstreet, who is a native of Alabama, was regularly educated for the profession of arms. He entered the United States army in 1838. He was attached first to the Fourth and then to the Eighth infantry regiments. He served in all the battles of the Mexican war, and, like General Lee, was wounded at Chapultepec. He was twice brevetted for distinguished services in that war. In 1858 he obtained a post in the Paymaster's department, to which he belonged, with the rank of Major. When the civil war broke out, in 1861, he at once joined the army of the Confederate States. The brigade which he commanded at the fight of Bull Run, in July of that year, was one of the first bodies of Southern troops that came into actual collision with the Federals; and in the sanguinary battle of Manassas, which soon afterward ensued, General Longstreet led the main attack, though General Beauregard was in chief command. As a General of Division, Longstreet acted under General Lee throughout the Virginia campaigns of 1862 and 1863. Longstreet is forty-three years of age—a thick-set, determined-looking man. His corps, who are devotedly attached to him, often complain that he is always with General Lee. He is in the habit of exposing himself in a careless manner, and it was perhaps in this way that he got his wound in one of the battles in the Wilderness. At Gettysburg he is said to have led a Georgian regiment in a charge against a battery, hat in hand, and in front of every body. A few hours later a Colonel found him seated on the top of a snake fence at the edge of the wood, and looking perfectly calm and unperturbed, while some of his troops passed by. The gallant Colonel, who scarcely knew what had been the result of the battle, observed to General Longstreet, "I wouldn't have missed this for any thing." Longstreet replied, laughing, "The devil you wouldn't! I should liked to have missed it very much; we've attacked, and been repulsed; look there!"

NEGRO EXECUTION.

On this page a sketch is given representing the execution, on June 20, of William Johnson, a colored soldier. He deserted from the Twenty-third United States colored troops, and on the 8th attempted to commit an outrage on a white woman at Cold Harbor. Considerable importance was given to the affair, in order that the example might be made more effective. Johnson confessed his guilt, and was executed within the outer breastworks about Petersburg, on an elevation, and in plain view of the enemy, a white flag covering the ceremony.

GENERAL F. C. BARLOW.

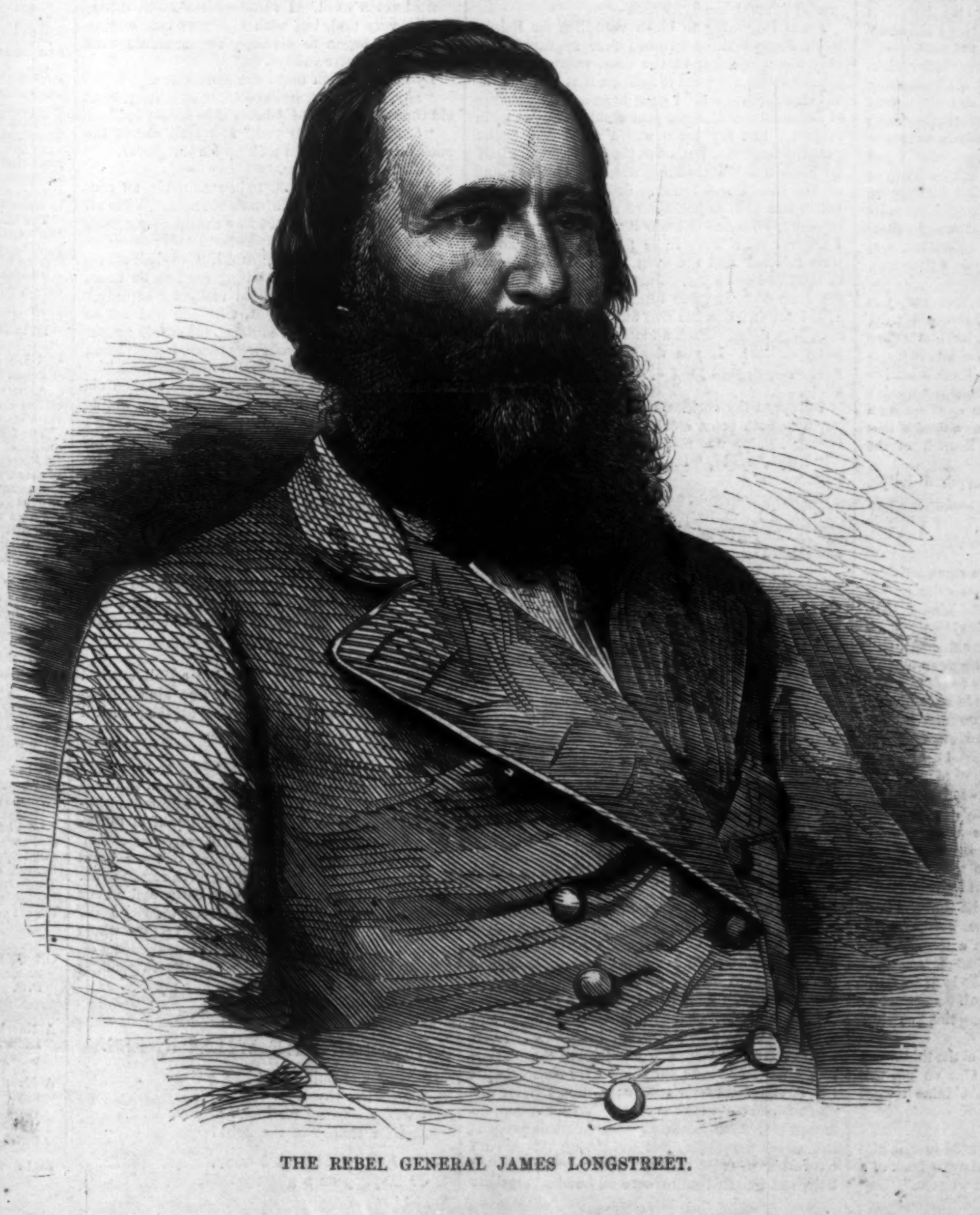
General Francis Channing Barlow, more familiarly known as General Frank Barlow, whose portrait appears on page 437, is already one of the most conspicuous soldiers of the war—one of its most heroic and romantic figures. Born in Brooklyn, in 1834, he passed most of his childhood and youth in New England, graduating at the head of the distinguished class at Harvard in 1855. The college traditions of that time are full of anecdotes of his humor, and that fascinating superiority which excels without an effort. Upon leaving college he studied law, and after a brief employment in the *Tribune* office began to practice in New York. His cool, clear head and true heart taught him the significance of public affairs, and at the first call to arms he rose from his desk and enrolled himself as a private in the New York Twelfth Militia Regiment. The President's proclamation appeared upon Monday, the 15th of April, 1861. On Sunday, the 21st, the Twelfth Regiment marched. In three months Private Barlow was First Lieutenant. Presently he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the New York Sixty-first. His remarkable military capacity developed itself upon every occasion. Calm, swift, and inexorable, he mastered the theory of war, while his qualities and temperament peculiarly fitted him for active service in the field. During the siege of Yorktown he became Colonel, and was Acting-Brigadier during part of the action at Fair Oaks. In the retreat from the Chickahominy to the James his regiment rendered most important service. He returned to Washington after the terrible fighting in the second Bull Run campaign with scarcely more than a hundred men, and the New York Sixty-fourth was added to Colonel Barlow's command. At the battle of Antietam, on the 17th September, 1862, he captured two stands of colors and three hundred men, and was highly praised by General Caldwell, and recommended for promotion. Colonel Barlow received two severe wounds, and was carried off the field for dead. Two days afterward the President appointed him Brigadier-General for distinguished conduct at the battle of Fair Oaks.

General Barlow lay for a long time prostrate with his wounds. But he gradually recovered, and was at the head of his brigade at Gettysburg. He was terribly wounded again in that battle, and fell into the hands of the rebels; but thinking him sure to die, they allowed him to be taken within our lines. He languished for many months, but during the spring he was so far recovered as to look once more for active service. He said, "I ask only to go with General Hancock;" and when the Army of the Potomac moved, on the 3d and 4th of May, General Barlow commanded the first division of Hancock's corps.

During the present campaign no name has been more illustrious for valor and victory. With Birney's division Barlow's made that silent assault at daybreak upon the rebel works at Spottsylvania—silent until success broke out into a tumult of cheers—which resulted in the capture of the rebel Generals Johnson and Stewart, three thousand men, eighteen cannon, and twenty-two standards.

Throughout the campaign Barlow is conspicuous among the noble band of united heroes, officers and men, in the very active front of battle. He is just thirty years old, but he has already made a name that the history of American Liberty will forever honor.

The men of General Barlow's division would never forgive his biographer who should omit to record the unwearied service in the hospitals and among the wounded and dying Union soldiers, from the beginning of the war to this day, of his faithful and devoted wife. Never far from her heroic husband in the field, she is always an angel of mercy in his camp and among his men, and for no woman in the land do more earnest prayers ascend from suffering lips and grateful hearts than for Mrs. General Barlow.



THE REBEL GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET.

HOW I GOT MY LITTLE DOG.

"Ralph, I wish I had a nice little dog."

"Should think you might be satisfied with a first-class husband, baby, and puss."

"Fiddle-sticks!"

Ralph turned over a leaf of his law-book with a significant air, and the clock and sewing-machine ticked on in silence for five minutes.

"Ralph, I tell you I *do* want a cunning little dog."

"Yes, dear."

Clock and sewing-machine monopolize another five minutes.

"Oh, Ralph, you *don't know* how I want a pretty little dog."

"Y-e-s."

Four minutes, fifty-six seconds.

"Ralphie, I tell you you've no *idea* how I want that little doggie."

"Blast it!"

The sewing-machine paused for a moment while I rose to inflict a disciplinary cuff upon the curls over Ralph's left ear.

And that is a specimen of that gentleman's ordinary success in studying law-books in the parlor.

I don't blame the poor fellow. About six months ago I walked over one day to his office up town—that is, just beyond the Excelsior Hotel, which forms the centre of Schencksville. I staid some five hours, sweeping, dusting, sorting, arranging, picking up and carrying away—staid, in fact, until the establishment showed signs of civilization. Two days afterward I called, in passing, to enjoy a few minutes' quiet contemplation of the results of my labors.

I have not been there since.

Ralph returned to the attractions of that fascinating volume, and I to the side-seam of baby's bib. There was a window just across the sewing-table at my left, with a dielyton blooming beautifully before it, and occasional volleys of hard, shot-like snow pelting it without. I was remarking to myself with some complacency that it was just the day to be at work in one's own pretty parlor, with the top of Ralph's curly head just visible over the back of his arm-chair, and baby asleep in her crib across the room, and pussy amusing herself under the sofa with a denuded spool (if I *only* had a little dog). And then I had digressed to some speculations upon the two questions, what we should have for tea, and what we should read in the evening, and was just deciding upon cream-toast and Carlyle when my reverie was snapped short by a knock at the door.

It was not a very welcome sound just then, and the case was certainly not improved when Peggy opened the hall-door and exhibited—old Adam Baum.

I never witnessed a more absurd attempt at affability than that was of Ralph's when he sprang up out of his arm-chair, with an "Ah, Mr. Baum; good-afternoon, Sir."

"Middl'n', middl'n', middl'n'," replied the visitor, taking it for granted he had been asked "how do you do?" "An' how're you all *here* the day?" And then he added, "Mornin'," at me, with a grunt.

For Mr. Baum is a practical man, and never patronizes women who wear purple ribbons about their heads.

"Ruther throng, I reckon, squire, about these times."

Ralph made this intelligible by replying, "Why, no; he was not very busy just at present, Sir."

"Hain't? Well, I 'lowed bein' 'twa'n't fur out o' my road, I'd just ride my beast roun' this course the day, and see what sort of a dicker I could make with you about that there job o' mine—you've heerd on't 'fore now likely—that there—"

By this time our guest was established in a chair before the fire, with a striped mitten on each knee, and a pipe in one hand, which looked like the head of a Dutch landlord impaled on an elder-stick; and now he left his auditor waiting for the next word while he occupied himself a little while in dipping up small coals with his pipe and trying to make them burn.

"That there suit o' mine, you know," he resumed at last, when the pipe was fairly fuming, "'gin the Widda Ford."

No, Ralph had not heard of it; and he asked, "What's the question between you and Mrs. Ford?"

"'Bout a farm," said Adam, puffing industriously. "I've a i-dy you must a' seen the Widda's place yonder, up the creek, side o' me—poorish kin' of a house, if you min', half log and half frame, just right acrost the run fernent me—trees aroun', if you min'. Well, Sir, yon's the spot."

A few more puffs and then he took up his story explosively.

"Charley Ford come on yonder from up in York State fourteen year ago come next April. An' he got lan' o' me. An' he got marr'd an' come on an' red it up an' built him a house an' lived there. An' he's to pay for't, y'un'erstan', so much a year. Well, he gin me the first hunder'n fifty—gin me that fair'n square—an' after that, min' ye, Charley Ford never gin me a cent—not the first blessed red cent.

"You see Charley was allers a poor, doncy, sickly kin' of a fella—ruther a hard way o' gitten along—an' I just 'lowed I wouldn't push him—thought a pity of him y'un'erstan'. An' so it just slipped along an' *slipped* along. An' when the seven year was up—'twas to be all paid up in seven year 'f you min'—why then Charley was just a goin' off, as you might say, with consumption. Well Charley he sends for me, and he wants I should agree for to let the widda'n two childer just stay right straight along another seven year—*considern*, y'un'erstan', wot he'd gin me at first, and the red'n up he'd done on't, an' so forth an' so *on*."

"Well, bein' things was just as they was, you know—him a dyin' an' all—why I just gin 't up, 'greed to't, the way Charley wanted, an' him an' me we drawed up writin's with effect an' intent thereunto conformable. Well now, Sir, 'f you'll believe it, it's just them very writin's where*by* the widda's got stayin' on there seven year, this next spring a comin', that she'd make out now was a deed o' that there farm"—with a tremendous flourish of the Dutch landlord.

"You have these writings?" inquired Ralph, after a little pause.

"'Course, got 'em myself."

"You can prove their identity?"

"Nan?"

"You can prove them to be the same writings which were executed just before Ford's death?"

"Well, Sir, I'll just tell you wot I kin do;" and Adam set one boot on the fender, evidently about to bring forward his great gun—"old man Judd, over yonder, was to give a deed o' lan' for'n oil-site. An' he goes to the widda an' wants to git the loan o' her deed for to copy, 'lowed 'twould save hirin' a lawyer, y'un'erstan'. Old man seen 'twa'nt right some way, an' he just takes it over to lawyer Bissel. Bissel *he* told him, 'Humph, no deed 't all.'

"So then you see why I just got to hear on't right straight along. Why the widda owns up now 't she never read the writin'—never onst looked into't. Fur's I know the woman act'ly thinks 'twas a deed. *She* never knowed a haet about things—them stuck up kin' o' women mostly don't," remarked Mr. Baum, without looking at me.

"The other party, of course, claim that the deed has been destroyed since it left Mrs. Ford's hands, and that the paper you produce is a forgery," remarked Ralph.

"Well, that's about wot *they'd* like to make out," said Adam, stooping for another coal.

"How about the witnesses to the—this 'writing' you speak of?"

"Why, there's just the mischief o' the thing, you see, the witnesses is both dead. One on 'em was old Wells, an' t'other'n was a han' o' mine 't went off to Californy an' died."

"Who was this last?"

"Name was Oson Hall—fella's used to call him Nose an' All—had such an all-fired great hook of a nose. Jam up kin' of a chap Oson was too."

Mr. Baum was becoming communicative and ingratiating I thought.

"The farm must be worth something by this time," remarked Ralph.

"Well the heft on't, wot lays up on the hill, that a'nt worth y'er poker; but that little corner 't lays on the flat, well, Sir, there's a New York oil company 't's boun' to have that there bit o' lan' for twenty thousand dollars soon's ever that suit's done."

"Y-e-s," mused Ralph. "'Be lucky for you now if this Oson Hall should happen to turn up after all before it comes off. These California deaths are not always very reliable."

I saw Ralph dart one of his dissecting glances across at his neighbor and then look down again grimly satisfied.

"Guess there ain't much chance o' *that*," remarked Adam.

"Now, Mr. Baum," began Ralph, after employing himself a little while in slowly unscrewing the point of his pencil, "I'll tell you *my* opinion of this matter. You are a very wealthy man. Those two flowing wells must be bringing you your thousands a day."

"Well, Sir, they say up the creek yonder that there ain't many fellas that's pilin' of it up much faster'n old Adam."

"Exactly; and so, of course, there are not many who are watched and criticised and talked about as much. Now, Sir, you are running a risk. Your case rests, of course, on John Judd's testimony, and John Judd's testimony's a thing that I wouldn't stake my good name upon—not for twice twenty thousand dollars. It'll go down with a jury perhaps—in the absence of evidence on the other side—but it'll not go down very well with the community, you may depend on that.

"This Mrs. Ford is a very estimable lady, and, in spite of her misfortunes and her humble circumstances, she has a great many friends. Very strong sympathy will—"

"Oh, be sure. I ain't got nothin' pertik'lar agin the widda Ford. Me an' Charley allers got along fust-rate, an' so's me'n' her. But you see, squire, property 's property, an' bein't that lan's mine, why it looks kin' o' reasonable 't I should be gitt'n a little o' the good on't *some* time or 'nother—rather looks that way to me."

"The question is, Mr. Baum, whether you can afford it—whether you can afford it; I mean, considering the distinguished position which your enormous wealth must give you. Twenty thousand dollars is a small matter to one who controls the colossal fortune which you will possess in two years from this time; but it is a very important thing that there should be no suspicion in regard to the dealings of so eminent a citizen. You know the conduct of our great millionaires is always animadverted upon with great rigor. When a gentleman has become known in Pittsburg, and Philadelphia, and New York, and London, and all the grand centres of commerce, as one of the great petroleum princes of the country, he holds a position in the eyes of general society, which—"

I was beginning to blush vermilion for Ralph, when Peggy's three-cornered face appeared at a very small opening in the door, making various grimaces which seemed to indicate that I was wanted in her department. I went down and took charge of the cookies, which the poor child had given up in despair. But my brain was a great deal busier than my fingers. I stood at the drop-table for half an hour, moulding, rolling out, and cutting; and all the time I was hunting down a reminiscence which was always just before me, and always just beyond my reach. I knew it was very important; I knew I must have it, in fact; but the cookies were finished, and the oven hot, and no glimmer of light had come yet. Just as I laid my hand on the oven door, and was bending to look in, Peggy called out at me in her free and easy way: "Take care, Mrs. Ellet. Such a blast as that 'ere hickory-wood makes! If you don't mind, you'll scorch your cookies, and your apron, an' your nose, an' all."

I dropped my cookies, and darted up to the parlor, with both boots creaking "Eureka!" at every bound. Ralph was meditating by himself.

"Ralph," said I, "I'm going to start for mother's next week."

"You're not going a step!"

"'Deed I will, Ralph."

"Seventy-five miles, such weather as this, baby and all. You crazy child!"

I saw there was work before me, and so I mounted Ralph's knee, with one hand on the back of his coat collar, and the other crimping the corner of his cravat, and began. I am ashamed to say that it took me forty-five minutes; but then that included the whole business up to the transfer of sundry bills from his vest pocket to my portemonnaie.

That evening Ralph grew abstracted over his "Frederick the Great." At last he laid the book down on his knee, and said:

"Nette, I'd give you half a dozen little dogs if somebody would only checkmate that old villain, and give poor Mrs. Ford her twenty thousand."

"Thank you," said I; "one sixth of that number will do very well."

One cold day, two weeks later, I drove up to the door of an "oil shanty," after rattling for three hours over a road which was, in its natural state, one long river of bituminous mud. We went in—my escort and I. One of the four plank walls was perforated with a window of six panes, and by that light we could discern that the room contained a cooking-stove, a table, two benches, a chair, and—old Adam Baum. Benches, table, chair, walls, and floor were black with petroleum and smoke. Even the overlapping boards which formed the sloping roof a few feet above our heads were reeking with the strong resinous viscidity: a drop fell on my glove from somewhere over me. As for Adam, he looked like some fossilized quadrumanous progenitor of his namesake, just washed up through an oil-well from some catacomb down below. Face, hair, and grizzled beard were all huddled together in a curious kind of indistinctness. What had been corduroy was submerged under a level surface of the tallowy varnish, and his short coat looked as if it had been cut from plates of greasy India-rubber. Incredible as it seemed, in that atmosphere, he was evidently on the point of eating his dinner. A smoking coffee-pot, with its corresponding tin cup, a tin basin of hot oysters, and a yellow earthen pie-plate jointly occupied by twenty crackers, a piece of baker's loaf, and a right-angled segment of pound-cake, occupied the farther end of the bare pine table, with knife, fork, and iron spoon in the greasiest corner of all. Let no innocent foreigner presume to infer that this was a miserable habitation, or that its master proved himself an old miser by living in it. Nothing of the kind. Mr. Baum was only "shantying," and shantying is one of the recognized modes of existence.

Well, I went in, and my companion followed, with a curt "How are ye, Sir?" to our host. I laid my hand carelessly on the chair as I passed, and set it for him before the stove, taking a seat myself on the end of a bench near the table. The young savage took it without any objection, and sat contemplating the fire under his wide-awake, leaving the profile of a very prominent, singularly-curved Roman nose to be contemplated at leisure by Mr. Adam Baum.

Presently I saw the figure of the oil-nabob straightening itself, and his face growing yellow under its mask of petroleum and coal-dust.

"Thunder!" he ejaculated at last, "that ain't *you?*"

"That's me, Sir," echoed the visitor.

"Heerd you was dead," gasped Adam, at length.

"Ah-ha!" said Hall, significantly.

Then there was silence a little while. Mr. Baum's mental machinery works pretty well in its way, but not very swiftly.

"Well, Oson," said he, brightening up, "what'll you take. Grocery just t'other side o' the derrick out here. Ain't got the first haet in the shanty."

"Can't stop, Sir," interrupted Hall, gruffly.

"Sho! take no time."

"No, Sir."

"There's a little business to be done to-day, Mr. Baum," said I, gravely, rising and standing by the table. Mr. Baum answered not a word.

Then we all remained "in statu quo" for a little while. Hall took up a pine stick, and with an elbow resting on each knee, began fashioning the ashes on the hearth into the semblance of a mountain.

"Well, Sir," he said at last.

"I don't do no business when there's women a jukin' aroun'," grunted Adam.

"Let me explain to you," said I, quietly, "how I happen to be here to-day with Mr. Hall. I had seen him some time ago, cutting wood one day at my mother's, and heard him mention that trip to California which you spoke of to my husband the other day. I remembered it afterward, and thought perhaps I could find him. So I did find him, after a while, and we both came on at once, *of course*."

Still not a word. I stood [illegible] the table, superficially very cool, but with my heart half stifling me. Hall began to diversify the mountain with several transverse valleys.

By-and-by Adam made one more move.

"Say, Oson, don't be skeered. Come 'long, treat old times. Guess Old Adam's able to foot up."

"Can't stop, I tell you," and Hall thrust the stick into the stove and took up his fur gloves.

Then, at last it came.

"Well, if you've a min' to be reasonable, an' consider't, an' accommodatin' to an old man. We're all on us li'ble to git out o' the way s'm*times*—p-r-o-n-e t'evil as the sparks flies up'ards."

"Certainly, Mr. Baum," said I, "we shall all remember that. There's nothing hard to be done. I have brought another deed ready for signing," and I placed the document, with pen and ink on the table; "when that is done, the whole matter will be ended. Write your name here, if you please, and Mr. Hall and I will sign here as witnesses."

It was an hour to me before the crest-fallen old man got through with the operation of shambling up to the table and scrawling his name. Then I wrote mine with nervous fingers. Hall put his great black autograph down below, and in five minutes we were in the wagon again, the deed safe in my pocket.

Hall turned his horse's head, and then stood up with the reins in his hand, and shouted back at the shanty. Adam appeared at the door.

"Mr. Baum, I believe I didn't mention it to you before, and perhaps you'd like to hear. You remember Oson Hall, my brother, one 't had a nose just like mine, you know, and signed that other deed."

"Thunder an' blazes!"

We didn't hear any more. Peter Hall touched his horse and away we went—Peter, almost helpless with laughter, over the best of all the practical jokes he had ever had a hand in.

This evening, as I am finishing my story, there's a discussion in progress, on the subject of a chicken-wing, between Pussy and Durfee. Durfee is an incipient Newfoundlander; a mere lapful of black-brown curls just at present, with any amount of silky brown ears, but destined some of these years to monopolize two-thirds of the hearth-rug at least. He is on the best of terms with baby, and a very special favorite with my friend Master Charley Ford, not to speak of Pussy and Ralph, and on the whole I am very well satisfied with the present aspect of affairs, except that Ralph *will* persist in spoiling my pet's pretty name by calling him my Fee.

LOST IN THE WILDERNESS.

My love! my only love!
  Where lies thy head to-night?
'Tis weary waiting for break of day,
  And for tidings of the fight!

Somewhere in a crowded camp,
  Or mayhap on a ghastly field,
Is lying one whom my jealous heart
  To Death will never yield.

My love! my only love!
  But the rivers roll between;
And the land it stretcheth for weary miles
  In summer beauty green.

My love! my only love!
  But the night is long and lone;
And my heart goes out through the dewy dark
  With a sore, unsoothéd moan.

My love! my only love!
  But my arms are vacant yet;
And the cheeks that are fading because unkissed,
  With passionate tears are wet.

My love! my only love!
  My life is a wasting pain;
For its fullness of unshed tenderness
  Maketh it ache again.

My love! my only love!
  I will arise and go:
To find thee is all that is left for me,
  If thy glory lieth low!

* * * * * *

Alas! and she could not know
  That the grass was springing green,
And the rank weeds hiding a SOMETHING where
  A knightly soul had been.

Alas! for the faithful heart;
  Alas! for its yearning pain:
He hath laid him down in the Wilderness,
  Never to rise again.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW MUSIC

Just Issued by Firth, Son & Co.

In the Bye-and-By, a beautiful Romanza, by H. Millard. Price 30c. The Dying Soldier; or, Dear Mother, I am dying now, a companion to the already popular Song, "Dear Mother, I've come Home to Die. The Words and Music by W. Kipp. Price 30c. Sweet Home of my Early Days: a Song and Chorus for the times, by Mrs. Parkhurst. Price 30c. Faust, by W. K. Bassford; an arrangement, for medium players, of the principal Melodies, including the Soldiers' Chorus of this popular Opera: in 2 Nos. 60c. each. The Ticket of Leave Polka, by J. G. Maeder, and Dedicated to the Florences. Price 30c.

Le Chant des Astres; or, Song of the Stars, by Wm. Iucho; a charming Nocturne in A and D's, calculated for advanced players. This is one of the author's best pieces. Price 50c. Any of the above sent by mail on receipt of the marked price.

FIRTH, SON & CO., 563 Broadway, N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS

Have Just Published;

HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH II., called Frederick the Great. By THOMAS CARLYLE. 4 vols., with Portraits, Maps, Plans, &c. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75 per vol.

Mr. Carlyle is about the only living writer whose opinions are of value, even when it is impossible to agree with them. No one is more fond than he of paradox, but few men's paradoxes hint at so important truths. No one with a more autocratic dogmatism sets up strong men as heroes, or condemns the hapless possessors of pot-bellies to infamy; but then his judgments, even where they can not be confirmed, always enforce some weighty principle which we were in danger of forgetting. And if it sometimes happens that neither the hero nor the principles commend themselves, still the thoroughness of the execution, and the fire with which all his writings are instinct, never fail to make a great work.—*London Review.*

The history of Frederick the Great is coming to be Carlyle's *opus magnum.* Probably the history of Frederick will forever remain one of the finest pieces of literary painting, as well as one of the most marvelous attempts at special pleading, extant in our own or any language.—*London Spectator.*

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. By CHARLES DICKENS. Part II. in Harper's Magazine for July. Price 25 cents.

COUSIN PHILLIS. A Tale. By Miss THACKERAY. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

A charming little story, ascribed in English journals and circles usually well informed to Miss Thackeray. It is fresh and sparkling.—*Evening Post.*

The father, indeed, is a creation of genius worthy of the author of "Adam Bede." The narrative is powerful from its simplicity, and the descriptions, or rather indications, of country landscape are fresh and natural.—*World.*

An exquisite story. A narrative of tender pathos, of the utmost simplicity of construction and style, and filled with genuine touches of nature. The interest of the story is well sustained, not only by the originality of its plan, but by the skillful, though apparently artless, presentation of its characters.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

PULPIT MINISTRATIONS; or, Sabbath Readings. A Series of Discourses on Christian Doctrine and Duty. By Rev. GARDINER SPRING, D.D., Pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in the City of New York. Portrait. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $6 00.

His choicest, richest, most spiritual, edifying, and permanently valuable sermons, those masterly, devotional, and instructive discourses which have made his church a house of worship and religious improvement through two generations in this great, restless, changing city. Their peculiar excellence consists in a happy unfolding of the deep things of divine truth, bringing out the marrow of the Word of God, with an amount of that undefinable virtue in preaching called *unction*, which brings the speaker and hearer into holy sympathy. We anticipate from these sermons extensive and permanent usefulness.—*N. Y. Observer.*

* * * The discourses are remarkable for their plainness of statement, and the directness and urgency of their personal appeals. In style they are singularly terse and animated, inclining to the vivacity of the French pulpit. They embrace a wide variety of topics, and exhibit great knowledge of human nature, and no common mastery of the art of persuasion.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

NINETEEN BEAUTIFUL YEARS.

OR, SKETCHES OF A GIRL'S LIFE. Written by her Sister. With an Introduction by Rev. R. S. FOSTER, D.D. 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents.

THE LADDER OF LIFE.

A Novel. By AMELIA B. EDWARDS, Author of "The Ladder of Life," &c. 8vo, Paper, 60 cents.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.

A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Author of "Rachel Ray," "Orley Farm," "Doctor Thorne," "Framley Parsonage," "The Bertrams," "The Three Clerks," "The West Indies and the Spanish Main," &c. *Illustrated by Millais.* 8vo, Cloth, $1 75; Paper, $1 25.

☞ Any of the above works sent by mail, postage-free, on receipt of price.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

Of Articles to be sold for One Dollar each.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$115 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	70 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	40 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	18 00 each.
3000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5100 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sets of Bosom Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

Duryea's Maizena

RECEIVED TWO PRIZE MEDALS
(From Juries 3 and 4) at the

International Exhibition, LONDON, 1862;

AT THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT HAMBURG, JULY, 1863, RECEIVED THE HIGHEST PR[illegible] E MEDAL FOR ITS GREAT DELICACY AS AN ARTICLE OF FOOD.

Can be served up in an infinite variety of delicious dishes. Sold by all Grocers, with directions. Pamphlet, with 50 Receipts, will be furnished on application by letter or otherwise, to

WM. DURYEA, Agent, 166 Fulton St., N. Y.

THE ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for July.—Vol. 40, begins with a Double No., now ready, containing Portraits, Characters, and Biographies of leading men, living and dead, such as HANCOCK, SEDGWICK, WADSWORTH, HAWTHORN, MURILLO, President of Colombia, S. A., the DYING GLADIATOR, with Portraits, Characters, and Biographies. Also, ETHNOLOGY, or the Races; PHYSIOLOGY, the Laws of Life and Health; PHRENOLOGY, with choice of Pursuits; PHYSIOGNOMY, or "Signs of Character;" PSYCHOLOGY, the Science of the Soul; and much other matter, to be found in no other publication. It is a handsomely Illustrated Monthly, with Ninety-six Columns of rich reading matter. Newsmen have it. Sold at 20 cents, or $2 a year, by FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, N. Y.

AMERICAN GOLD PEN CO.

Manufacturers of GOLD PENS AND PENCIL CASES of every description. Sole Manufacturers of the CELEBRATED

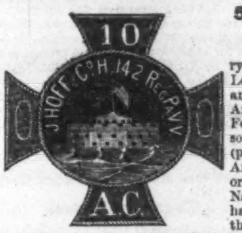
Angular Nibbed Pen.

AGENTS WANTED throughout the country. Extra inducements offered. *Large discounts made to the trade.* Send for our descriptive circular. AMERICAN GOLD PEN Co., No. 200 Broadway, N. Y.

$100 per Month.—Active and reliable Agents in the Army, and everywhere else, in this most lucrative business known. Honorable and no risk. Address or apply to T. & H. GAUGHAN, 116 Broadway, New York.

The Salem Leg.

This Leg is LIGHT, DURABLE, COMFORTABE, NOISELESS, SIMPLE in construction, and ELEGANT in form. It dispenses with all CORDS, leaves the MUSCLES FREE and the CIRCULATION UNIMPEDED, is adapted to ALL CLASSES of CASES, and enables the wearer to walk with astonishing EASE and NATURALNESS of step. For CIRCULARS containing full particulars, address "Salem Leg Company, Salem, Mass." Soldiers preferring this Leg can receive the usual amount of government aid.


10
J HOFF Co H 142 Reg P V V
A.C.

50.000 Agents Wanted.

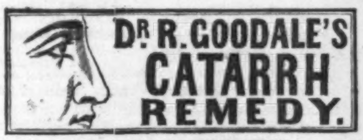
Great sale of Jewelry, Watches, Chains, Lockets, Gold Pens and Cases, Rings, &c., Army Badges, &c. For $1, we will send a solid silver Shield (pure coin), or either Army Corps, Division or Co. Pin, with your Name, Regt., and Co. handsomely engraved thereon; and for $1 50 we will send a new Artillery, Battery, Cavalry, Engineer, or Pontonier's Pin, engraved as above. Send for wholesale illustrated circular. S. M. WARD & CO., 208 Broadway, N. Y.

The Summer No. of MME. DEMOREST'S MIRROR of FASHIONS Now Ready.—A brilliant display of beautiful novelties, music, elegant fashion plates, seven Full Size Patterns, an elegant Braid Sheet, with much valuable information, only 25 cents; or yearly subscription $1, with a premium of One Dollar's worth of Extra Patterns.

(Form of an Order.)

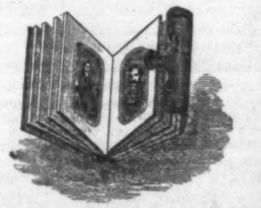
Mme. Demorest will find enclosed $1 00, and 2 cts. for postage on the premiums, for which please send me your Mirror of Fashions for one year, commencing with the Summer No.

Give your address in full, and address it to
MME. DEMOREST, 473 Broadway, New York.



THE ACME OF PERFECTION.

IT CURES CATARRH IN ALL ITS TYPES AND STAGES with absolute certainty. Price $1 00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. NORTON & CO., Sole Agents, 75 Bleecker Street, one door W. of Broadway, N. Y. Sold by Druggists.



Albums for the Army.

Our New Pocket Album,

holding sixteen pictures, and sold at

Seventy-five Cents,

is the cheapest and best Pocket Album ever offered to the public.

Sent by mail to any address, post-paid, on receipt of Seventy-five Cents.

SAMUEL BOWLES & COMPANY,
Photograph Album Manufacturers,
Springfield, Mass.

FIELD, NAVY, and OPERA GLASSES manufactured by B. H. HORN, Optician, 212 Broadway, corner of Fulton St.; also every description of Microscopes, Telescopes, Spectacles, and Eye-glasses at wholesale and retail. Send stamp for circular.

Asthma Cured.

Relief guaranteed in Ten Minutes, and a *permanent cure* effected by the use of "UPHAM'S ASTHMA CURE." Cases of from *ten to twenty years'* standing yield at once to its influence. Price $2. Sent post-paid to any address, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Circulars sent free.

MME. DEMOREST'S MIRROR OF FASHIONS.—The splendid Summer number, with elegant Illustrations, New Music, Beautiful Braid and Embroidery, Valuable Information, and Seven Full-Sized Patterns, now ready.

Attention Company!

Clark's Onguent, a powerful stimulant. Each packet warranted to produce a full set of whiskers or moustaches in six weeks upon the smoothest face, without stain or injury to the skin. Any person using this Onguent, and finding it not as represented, by informing me of the fact, can have their money returned them at any time within 3 months from day of purchase. Price $1 00. Sent sealed and post-paid, to any address, on receipt of the money.

Address, A. C. CLARK,
P. O. Drawer 118,
Albany, N. Y.

LADIES' LETTER.

FIVE ANATOMICAL ENGRAVINGS.
Has information never before published.
Sent free, in a sealed envelope for 10 cents.
Address **Box 4652**, New York P. O.

Beautiful False Moustaches, 50 cts. and $1 each. Send stamp for circulars. Address C. W. Philo, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

The Weak, the Consumptive, Rheumatic, Costive, Bilious, and Delicate, after some days' use, will find renewed strength and life pervade every organ of their frames.

Every dose makes the blood purer. The nerves commence in the arteries and terminate in the veins. These pills, as a first effect, act upon the arterial blood, increasing the circulation, by which impurities are deposited in the veins, and they throw off such collections into the bowels, which organs, by the energy derived from Brandreth's Pills, expel them from the system. When first used, the Pills may occasion griping, and even make the patient feel worse. This is an excellent sign, and shows the disease will soon be cured. No great good is often achieved without some trouble in its attainment, and this rule applies to the recovery of health.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my PRIVATE GOVERNMENT STAMP is on the box. See upon it B. BRANDRETH in white letters.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, BRANDRETH BUILDING,
NEW YORK.

For sale by all respectable dealers in medicines.

Songs of the Soldiers. Songs of the Soldiers. The only collection which contains all the best Camp Songs. Edited by Frank Moore. Price $1 00. A liberal discount where quantities are purchased. Send orders to G. P. PUTNAM, Publisher, 441 Broadway, N. Y.

MARRIAGE.—WOMAN CULTURE. How to be Beautiful and healthy. Does He Love me? The Mitten, to Whom, and When to Give it. The most Dangerous Eyes. A Satisfactory Philosophy. The Cost of War, from 1697 to 1864. Self-Control. Phrenology in England. "Greeting." Home Influence. Economy, Corsets, etc., in July Double No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Sent by first post for 20 cents, or a year for $2. A new vol. FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

THE FUNNIEST GETTING FAT WITH SUCCESS. —10,000 sold in one day. Everybody and his wife, including his wife's relations, are digesting our fun with a gusto that makes the pockets of the publisher laugh and grow fat, fatter, fattest, and yet there is room. Second edition now ready.

DEMOREST'S N. Y. ILLUSTRATED NEWS, the model newspaper of America, and universally acknowledged the most graphic and finely illustrated paper now published, combining Music, the Fashions, and General Literature. Single copies 10 cents; yearly $4 00, with Mme. Demorest's Mirror of Fashions for one year as a premium. The best medium for general advertising in the country. All communications should be addressed to W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 39 Beekman Street.

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $3500.

Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

"INSTINCT AND REASON."—What Learned Men say. The Human Head, compared with the Gorilla. The one three stories high, with a sky-light; the other, only a basement. Anecdotes of Dogs and Horses; What constitutes the difference between man and animal, given in the JULY DOUBLE No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL; 20 cents by first post, or $2 a year. New Volume. FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

DEAR READER, if you are a reader, do not fail to read the story about the KEROSENE ILE in the "Funniest" No. 2. You can read it over three, four or six times, and nearly split your sides, and laugh and cry, and cry and laugh each time, especially if you have some one to laugh with you—it is worth more than the most costly dinner. Sold everywhere at 10 cents.

SOMETHING NEW

IN PLAYING CARDS. LOVE SCENES.

Designs from French Artists.

The above new Card has fifty-two beautiful pictures, of elegant design, and they can also be used the same as ordinary playing cards, thus combining pleasure with amusement. Enclose 50 cents and two red stamps, and send for sample pack. $5 per dozen. Liberal discount by gross to dealers. H. A. CASWELL, 60 Nassau St., New York.

Violin Strings for Hot Weather, 25c., mailed. **Musicians' Omnibus**, 700 tunes for flute, violin, fife, cornet, or clarionet, $1. **Omnibus Complete**, a musical library of 1500 tunes—violin, flute, or cornet, $2, mailed. FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery, N. Y.

Will you have Handsome Whiskers or Moustaches?

Are you Baldheaded?

DR. BRIGGS'S Celebrated Golden Onguent has proved to give satisfaction. It will force the Whiskers or Moustaches to grow in from six to eight weeks, and no humbug. Also on baldheads in six weeks.

☞ Testimonials given, All orders promptly attended to. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, $1. Write your name plain. Address,

DR. C. BRIGGS, Chicago, Ill.

"SIGNS OF CHARACTER."—PHYSIOGNOMY, illustrated with 14 figures, including men, women, and animals, resemblances in looks and character. Local Physiognomy, by the Rev. G. W. Hosmer, D.D. Correspondence between the character of a country and of the people thereof. Given in the JULY DOUBLE No. ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL: 20 cents, or $2 a year. New Vol. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

LEAF OF THE
SWEET GUM.

THE SAFEST and most certain remedy for Diarrhea is Dr. Peck's Extract of Sweet Gum prepared from the bark of the Sweet Gum Tree. It is highly concentrated, but is perfectly safe for children of all ages. A few bottles should be put in every package sent to soldiers.

Prepared by the Union Medicine Co., No. 19 Gold St., New York, and sold by all druggists. PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

Two Dollars made from twenty cts. Call and examine, or ten samples sent free by mail for 20c. Retails for $2, by R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.—To sell a Splendid Steel Engraving of Abraham Lincoln, size 25x35. Sent free for $2. Large discount to Agents. Also the largest assortment of Lithographs of the Great Battles. Plain and colored Lithographic Portraits of Generals, Gems for the Album, New Business Signs, the United States Army Diploma, sent free for 50c. Prize Packages, &c. Send for circular to JOHN GIBSON, 32 Beekman Street, N. Y.

Shults' Onguent, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent post-paid, for 50 cents. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

Photographic Medallions,

Or CAMPAIGN MEDALS, with accurate likenesses of candidates on metal, and enclosed in neat metallic cases, sent by mail, 15 cents each, or $1 50 per dozen. Liberal discount to the trade. Manufactured and sold wholesale and retail by JOHN GAULT,
No. 1 Park Place, New York.

O. T. W.

DR. CHAS. T. JACKSON, State Assayer of Massachusetts, after an analysis of Burnett's Oriental Tooth Wash, recommends it as a superior dentifrice. Sold by all druggists.

WANTED EVERYWHERE, good reliable AGENTS for a pleasant, legitimate, *lively* business. Permanent employment, and extra liberal inducements. Catalogue, with full particulars, sent free on application. Address BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, 14 Chambers St., N. Y.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

SEWING MACHINE AND HAND NEEDLES.

ALL KINDS AT BARTLETT'S, 442 BROADWAY, N. Y.

If you want a

First-rate Glee Book,

Obtain the "Musical Lyra," containing New and Sparkling Glees, Trios, Serenades, Chants, Four-Part Songs, Choruses, Operatic Selections, Hymns, Tunes, and Sacred Anthems—decidedly the best book of its Class. Price $1 25, on receipt of which it will be sent post-paid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, 277 Washington Street, Boston.

The Rev. Charles E. King

Continues to send **(Free of Cost)** his **Prescription** for the radical treatment and cure of **CONSUMPTION**, **Asthma**, **Bronchitis**, and **Catarrh; Affections** of the **Throat**, **Lungs**, and **Air-Passages; Disorders** of the **Stomach**, **Liver**, and **Bowels**, and all **Derangements** of the **Nervous System.**

Address, with stamp, Rev. CHARLES E. KING, Station D, Bible House, N. Y.

☞ *The milder seasons are the most favorable to successful treatment in* ALL DISORDERS. *Religious papers will please copy.*

BARD & BROTHER'S (Established 1845)

GOLD PENS,

PEN AND PENCIL CASES. Also Manufacturer of BARD & WILSON'S PATENT ANGULAR NIB GOLD PENS. JAS. D. BARD, Ag't, No. 22 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Gold Pens Repaired or Exchanged.

DR. B. C. PERRY,

DERMATOLOGIST,

49 Bond Street, New York,

Formerly of 29 Winter Street, Boston, treats successfully all Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, and Premature Blanching. ALSO, removes Moth Freckles, and other Discolorations from the face, without injury to the texture or color of the skin. Consultations free.

For particulars enclose stamp for Circular.

CARPET WARP.

WOOL TWINE.

Twines and Paper. H. A. HARVEY, 84 Maiden Lane, N.Y.

A CHANCE FOR POETICAL PATRIOTISM.—A *Prize* of One Hundred Dollars is offered by the proprietor of Demorest's Illustrated News, for the best words for a song on the guarantees of Liberty and Universal Freedom in our glorious Constitution. See the particulars in Demorest's N. Y. Illustrated News.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS

At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 65 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

$60 A MONTH! I want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell my *Everlasting Pencils*, *Oriental Burners*, and 13 other articles. 15 circulars sent *free*. Address JOHN F. LORD, Biddeford, Maine.

The Graefenberg Company's

UTERINE CATHOLICON (Marshall's).

An infallible cure for "Female Weakness," and all Uterine complaints of women.

Price **$1 50** per bottle. Five bottles for SIX DOLLARS.

THE GRAEFENBERG VEGETABLE PILLS.

The best Pill in the world for family use, and for all Bilious and Liver complaints. Price **25** cents per box.

Address all orders to J. F. BRIDGE, M.D.,
Resident Physician GRAEFENBERG COMPANY,
No. **139** William Street, near Fulton, New York.

☞ INQUIRE OF DEALERS EVERYWHERE. ☜

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 50

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 75 each, or 11 Copies for $27 50.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 50.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TERMS.

One Copy for Four Months	$1 00
One Copy for One Year	3 00
One Copy for Two Years	5 50

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 75 each, or 11 Copies for $27 50. *Payment invariably in advance.*

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*One Dollar* per line for inside, and *One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for outside Advertisements each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.